A.3.

Hugh Cecil Earl of Lonsdale.

244 The Equestrian's Manual; or, the Science of Equitation, with advice to purchasers of horses, saddlery, etc. By **Samuel C. Wayte,** Professor of Equitation. London. 1850.

8vo. 171 pp., with frontispiece of the Queen and Prince Consort riding in Windsor Park. M., 8 in. by $4\frac{7}{8}$ in.

Dedicated to Field-Marshal H.R.H. Prince Albert.

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WINDSOR PARK.

W. Shobrel, Publisher, 20, Ch. Hughes, & Strand 1850

THE

EQUESTRIAN'S MANUAL;

OR,

The Science of Equitation,

WITH

ADVICE TO PURCHASERS OF HORSES, SADDLERY, &c. &c.

MOST RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO

FIELD MARSHAL

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS PRINCE ALBERT.

BY

HIS HUMBLE SERVANT,

SAMUEL C. WAYTE,

PROFESSOR OF EQUITATION.

LONDON:

W. SHOBERL, PUBLISHER,

20, GREAT MARLBOROUGH STREET.

1850.

THE HORSE.

" Full of fire and full of bone,
All his line of fathers known;
Fine his nose, his nostrils thin,
But blown abroad by the pride within!
His mane a stormy river flowing,
And his eyes like embers glowing
In the darkness of the night,
And his pace as swift as light.
Look, around his straining throat
Grace and shifting beauty float!
Sinewy strength is on his reins,
And the red blood gallops through his veins."

BARRY CORNWALL.

DEDICATORY LETTER

TO

His Royal Highness Prince Albert.

SIR,

FROM your Royal Highness's well known patronage and liberality of all the sciences calculated to enhance the welfare of the subjects of our beloved and most revered Sovereign—together with your Royal Highness's scientific knowledge of the animal of which I have ventured to treat, after many years' experience, close study and devotion to the task—these considerations have emboldened me to dedicate, with the most profound respect, this humble effort to your Royal Highness.

Through a series of years having witnessed the ignorant, and consequently often inhuman, treatment of the Horse, allowed by even persons whose education and attainments should have produced far different results, a desire was aroused within me to expose a system, adopted more frequently from selfish motives than through real ignorance.

By the institutions of this Christian land, the poor dumb animal has again received that original right given by his Creator,

"To be used, but not abused, by man."

By the stringent law that punishes the infringer of this right, the glories that surround the name of Britain have received another equal to all, which unquestionably places her the *first* on the pinnacle of philanthropy, as in all other things she stands pre-eminent among the nations of the earth.

It was my desire to advocate these principles of humanity, and to illustrate the characteristics of the noble animal of which this little work treats, that nerved me first to undertake the task.

The virtues and goodness of heart so identified with the name of the illustrious Consort of our most gracious Majesty, and which so eminently adorn his exalted rank, encourage the aspirant to seek the approbation of a Prince, ever the first to afford his august countenance to those who endeavour, however limited their means, to achieve a public good.

I have the honour to be

Your Royal Highness's

Most obedient and humble servant,

SAMUEL C. WAYTE.

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INTRODUCTION.

In offering this work for perusal to the public, the author feels assured that he will meet with indulgence for the faults it contains, and that every justice will be rendered to the few merits it may be allowed to possess. The science of equitation has now for many years been allowed, by the testimony and strong recommendation of the most eminent amongst the faculty, to be an accomplishment highly important and beneficial, and one necessarily conducive to the proper circulation of the blood through the human frame, on which wholly depends good spirits, freedom from bilious, hypochondriacal, and nervous affections.

No parent should neglect to have imparted, in the most finished style, an art so calculated for the

developement of grace and beauty in maturity, and above all, *one* that so eminently guards against the many diseases of this varying climate, diseases which are in fact almost—if one may use the term—"indigenous" to the spring and summer of life.

The easy and graceful carriage of the accomplished equestrian, of either sex, has been a theme of praise to writers not only of antiquity, but those of more modern times. Many and eminent, on the list of the past and present time, would be the names of physicians whose mere recommendation is sufficient patronage in itself to render the acquirement of this elegant science indispensable. That it has become so is now so apparent, that a lady or gentleman, for a complete and polished education, must have acquired this graceful accomplishment. Much, however, depends (as in all other things) on tuition. This should, not *only* for elegance and grace, but for safety, be *first-rate.*

This skill, necessary to form the elegant equestrian, can only be obtained through a first-rate master. As far as could be explained within the

limits of a book the author has endeavoured to attain—but there is much that cannot be written, entirely dependant on tuition—and which should *never* be entrusted to *second-rate* riding masters—*generally retired* stable keepers and grooms, who, having saved a little money, immediately become metamorphosed into "riding masters," without the anatomical and scientific knowledge of the nature, temperament and characteristics of the horse, and *whose former position in life has precluded* (generally speaking) *education*, except of the *most meagre* description. It is as impossible for such a master to impart the science correctly as it would be for him to give finishing lessons in drawing, though he might have a rough taste for the art.

This class of men *govern* their horse by *fear* and *brute* force alone. The educated and *scientific* man (from the result of this education, experience, and study) through the greatest consideration, *kindness and forbearance*. The one, whose experience is but that of the stable and livery yard, rendering many a nobly-dispositioned animal vicious,

irreclaimable, and utterly valueless;—the other gently curbing, through his scientific skill, such vices as might appear, until they were completely subdued. In a word,—the second-rate (as they style themselves) "riding master" renders his horse a vicious unwilling slave; the scientific, an attached, docile and faithful animal, exhibiting all the noble qualities of his nature, his affection, and such gentleness that a little child might lead him.

To revert to our first subject of riding masters, I must now notice another system *altogether* prejudicial to the correct acquirement of the science: I allude to the very general practice of masters taking out with them a party, consisting of five, and not unfrequently nine or ten pupils. This I unhesitatingly assert is unjust towards the pupils, as it is *utterly impossible*, with so large a class, he can do otherwise than overlook *many errors*, the correction of *which* is of the *most serious importance* to the equestrian; and where those errors exist, that proficiency so necessary to form the elegant and skilful rider can never be attained.

A master will find his time fully occupied with only two pupils (three at the utmost), it being from remarks, and observations made, and faults pointed out, during the ride, that a scientific, and thorough knowledge can be inculcated; and by that means alone justice will be done to both parties.

In every other art, science, and profession, the field is contested for the superiority of genius, but in the science of equitation, *emulation* is roused alone for gain, not for the attainments of the pupil, the struggle (unfortunately) being for *the sale* of the largest number of *tickets,* and thus the perfecting of the pupils as equestrians is made a secondary consideration.

Tuition, in the school *alone,* can seldom make a good rider. In it, the horse and the pupil become accustomed to the same monotonous routine day after day, and then, when they emerge on to the road, it is found that the expert rider of the *school* is extremely deficient in tact and skill; and, in fact, has learnt but little. The very nature of the animal will occasion this; the changing the

scene of every day objects in the school, for the great variety he meets on the road, giving an impetus to his hitherto dormant spirit. The rider soon finds that more skill and judgment than he possesses is required to keep his horse under control and safe guidance.

Before closing this address, I wish particularly to caution those of my readers who may wish to purchase horses, against a class of dealers (if I ought to use the term "dealer"), known in professional parlance by the terms "Copers and Chaunters." These persons attend auctions and repositories for the purchasing of showy, unsound horses, called in their language "Flashy screws." Their system of business is as follows.

Having taken stables in a fashionable west-end locality, with part of the gang to act as the "gentleman owner," coachman, grooms, &c. &c., they advertize the horse as the property of a gentleman or lady (who can be referred to), who, from some unforeseen cause, is reluctantly compelled to sell at a very great SACRIFICE!!! and "no dealers need apply."

A customer being found, the "*sacrifice*" is transferred, by a groom, to the stable of the purchaser; the next day the unfortunate dupe discovers *he* was the "sacrificed," and that his new purchase, "WARRANTED" (of course), for which he may have paid from fifty to eighty pounds, is dear at as many shillings. Fully determined to return the horse, as agreed upon, if not suiting, on going to the stables the purchaser makes the unpleasant discovery of "Stables to let." Gang gone—and himself without redress. The movements of the horse are closely watched to one of the sale yards, and again bought by the party, to be resold to some other unfortunate wight.

The following case is known to be a fact. A black horse, with splendid shape and action (injured in the spine), after having been sold and resold, at large prices, in almost every county in England, Ireland and Scotland, was exported, and in France a customer was found for him for a very large amount. It would take a volume in itself to describe the numerous tricks resorted to by these

persons for making up unsound horses to catch the eye, and entrap the unwary into purchasing.

In order to guard against being victimised in the above manner, I would strenuously recommend those desirous of purchasing to apply to *first-class dealers,* men, who have a position to maintain and a character to lose; in which case, should the purchase prove unsatisfactory on trial, *the seller is to be found,* and will be pleased to endeavour to gratify the wishes of the buyer. True, the charges are higher (as they are with all first-rate traders), but the purchaser may safely depend on having justice done him.

In like manner I would recommend those wanting horse furniture to apply to saddlers of note, who are always practical men, and who understand very much better what is correct than the customers, who, in eighteen out of twenty cases, are mere tyros in what is proper or requisite. Those parties who may prefer jobbing their horses will be well suited at any of the "first-class" job masters, of whom a register is kept at the Author's Register Office. (Vide p. 143.)

In conclusion, I would most earnestly recommend my readers, when about to purchase either horses or saddlery, to buy both of the best; for the BEST is invariably the *cheapest*, giving throughout use and wear every satisfaction and comfort; or, if it should be wished to part with them at any time, they will realize almost the original cost. Should this Work contribute to the enlightening and guidance of the hitherto inexperienced and oftentimes victimised purchaser, it will have accomplished the duty for which it was undertaken.

SAMUEL C. WAYTE.

1, *Lower Brook Street, Grosvenor Square,*
February 1*st*, 1850.

PART I.

HISTORY OF THE HORSE.

THE earliest account we have of the *horse* is in the Book of Genesis (xlvii. 17), where, in that touching history of filial and fraternal affection, Joseph is represented as having given the Egyptians bread in exchange for their horses. The ancient poets have always connected with the idea of the horse beauty, majesty and sublimity, from his noble shape, gallant appearance, singularity, and high price—his being the attendant of princes, and the graceful, but terrible, accompaniment of war. Homer mentions with admiration his superb attributes; but no description can equal that truly

sublime one, of the war-horse, in the Book of Job (xxxix. 19 to 25).

"Hast thou given the horse strength? hast thou clothed his neck with thunder?

"Canst thou make him afraid as a grasshopper? the glory of his nostrils is terrible.

"He paweth in the valley, and rejoiceth in his strength: he goeth on to meet the armed men.

"He mocketh at fear, and is not affrighted; neither turneth he back from the sword.

"The quiver rattleth against him, the glittering spear and the shield.

"He swalloweth the ground with fierceness and rage: neither believeth he that it is the sound of the trumpet.

"He saith among the trumpets, Ha, ha; and he smelleth the battle afar off, the thunder of the captains, and the shouting."

Egypt has from the earliest ages been most prominent as the land of horses; there is much of scriptural evidence to prove this. We find that the Israelites were pursued by Pharaoh, the King of

Egypt, and his *horsemen*, into the Red Sea. To Jacob's funeral in Judæa there came forth *from Egypt* "chariots and horsemen a very great company." The great and luxurious King Solomon, we are told, in the First of Kings, x. 25 to 29, received, amongst other presents, from those drawn to behold him and benefit by the fame of his mighty wisdom, "*Horses*, and mules, a rate year by year." And "he gathered together chariots and horsemen: and he had a thousand and four hundred chariots, and twelve thousand horsemen." And "Solomon had horses brought out of Egypt."

Horses in those days were of enormous price. We are told in the same book and chapter, that "a chariot came up and went out of Egypt for six hundred *shekels* of silver" (by some computed about the value of £17 : 10*s.*), "and a horse for an hundred and fifty shekels."

The price of a *good* horse in the time of Xenophon (who lived 600 years after Solomon, was much more enormous, if different authors be right in their computations), being fifty danks (£27 : 10*s.*

of our money); in fact, this is the price "paid by Senthis, the Thracian, to Xenophon, for the steed, whereon he rode during his retreat from Babylon."

In the time of the Trojan War there is no certainty of horses being known; *if so*, they were extremely rare; and in Greece they were exclusively kept to contribute to the glory of royalty and high rank. However, to refer again to the Biblical history of this animal, we find, next in succession on the list for their nurture, is the kingdom of Assyria. The magnificence and beauty of the Assyrian horses were equalled by the exquisite skill of their riders (and have been frequently mentioned by the Prophets), who were celebrated for their knowledge of the military art. What Bible reader is there, not familiar with the destruction of the hostile (to the Israelites) Assyrian camp by the Angel of Death? And who has not read Lord Byron's poem on the same sublime subject.

However perfect the Assyrians might have been in horses and horsemen, the credit is originally due to Egypt; but their more extensive empire, of

course, gave them superior wealth (like the people of Persia, the Medes, &c.) to lavish upon their trappings, which were usually of the most gorgeous description, composed of blue and purple cloths, spangled with gold and gems, making a most superb array.

We next find Persia, the most celebrated for its horses; but they were little (*if at all*) known before the reign of the great King Cyrus. Xenophon mentions that this king's example and desire had brought horses and horsemanship into use amongst his people. And the country acquired the name of "Persia," from the Chaldean and Hebrew word "PERESH," which, translated, means horsemen. The Nysaen horses used by the Persian kings in their warlike expeditions were decidedly the finest and most celebrated race of the ancient world.

We find Cappadocia, Amazonia, and Pontus, next, remarkable for their horses. In the latter, they were considered to be the most admirable of the animal creation; and being such, and of great value in the eyes of the inhabitants, were offered up

as the most acceptable sacrifices to the sun, which, indeed, was a high honour conferred upon the race.

The Greek writers (and others) tell us that Sesostris* was the first who taught men to tame horses and then ride them. We find in the Memoirs of Gibbon, the celebrated author of the "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire," the following curious theory (doubly so for being written at the extremely youthful age of fifteen), in a work written by him, but never finished, and eventually destroyed, entitled "The Age of Sesostris." It was not undertaken with the view of giving a description of the wonderful events of the reign of that great conqueror; but, as the compiler goes on to say, to determine the probable data of his existence. Here is the story, as it is related by Gibbon.

"In the version of the holy books, the high priest Manetho has identified Sethosis, or Sesostris, with the elder brother of Danaus, who landed

* By other authors written Seson-chosis.

in Greece, according to the Parian Marble, 1510 years before Christ." Gibbon goes on to say that he considers this statement as wilfully *false* on the part of the high priest, through a motive of flattery. "Manetho's History of Egypt is dedicated to Ptolemy Philadelphus, who derived a fabulous or illegitimate origin from the Macedonian kings of the race of Hercules. Danaus is the ancestor of Hercules; and after the failure of the eldest branch, his descendants, the Ptolemies, are the sole representatives of the royal family, and may claim by inheritance the throne which they hold by conquest." A flatterer might then hope to pay his court by representing Danaus, the ancestor of the Ptolemies, as the brother of the kings of Egypt. Vide Life and Character of Gibbon from the French of M. Guizot.

That the horse was known, almost coeval with Rome itself, is familiar to most persons moderately acquainted with history, we find in that remote event, the abduction of the Sabine women; that at a given signal from the king the games were sus-

pended and the guards *rode* in and seized upon the females notwithstanding their most violent and agonized resistance at the frightful prospect of being remorselessly torn from their husbands, fathers, brothers and lovers, each man carrying off a wife.

The magnificent picture in the National Gallery, upon this subject, would well repay the lover of art for an inspection.

In referring to Greece, we observe that before the Persian war the poverty of the Greeks prevented them from importing foreign horses; their domestic breed was extremely inferior to those of Asia and Africa; and we find that the Spartans first employed them in battle during their wars with the Messenians. Xerxes tried the mettle of the Persian against the Thessalian horses, and the former incontestibly carried off the palm from every contest. For a very long period after the retreat of Xerxes, the Athenians, who were the most powerful of the Greek communities, had the limited squadron of 300 horsemen *only*, and it was

not until the Athenian republic had extended her dominion over the inferior states that she seriously applied to the improvement of her cavalry.

In the Olympic games of Athens we find two places in connexion particularly mentioned, viz., the Stadium and the Hippodrome. The former for the exhibition of gymnastic exercises, and the latter for horses: the Stadium at present existing at Athens has been measured by travellers, and is in length 125 geometrical paces, and 27 in breadth, forming a long and lofty terrace on the banks of the Ilyssus; its sides, in those ancient times, were built of white marble.

The Olympic Stadium took its name from the measure of length usually employed by the Greeks, being the eighth part of a Grecian mile (630 English feet); one end contained an elevated throne for the judges of the games, and a marble altar for the seat of the Priestess of Ceres, and the few privileged virgins who were permitted to behold a solemnity from which all others of the sex were

rigorously excluded. At the other extremity was placed the tomb of Endymion, the favourite of the chaste Diana. The Stadium was divided into two courses by pillars.

The Hippodrome was the ground allotted for horse-racing, and measured twice as long as the Stadium, being sufficiently spacious to allow forty chariots to drive *abreast*. Chariot-racing was instituted at Olympia about a hundred years after the regular celebration of the games, and that of *riding* horses twenty years later. These warlike sports followed the same progress with the military art, of which they were the image, the use of chariots having long preceded that of cavalry.

The cars of the Greeks were low, open behind, furnished with only two wheels, and having no seat for the driver, who stood in the body of the chariot and commanded four horses, *not paired*, but formed on one line.

Notwithstanding this inconvenient arrangement, they performed six and sometimes twelve rounds

of the Hippodrome, amounting to six Grecian miles of 800 paces each, of which an English mile contains 1560.

Riding-horses were not so early employed as chariots, either at the games or in war; yet we cannot believe with a fanciful writer that this circumstance should have been occasioned by the timidity of the Greeks to mount on horseback; for we learn from Homer, that even in the most ancient times they were acquainted with all the feats of dexterity performed by our most accomplished jockies.*

A brief account of the celebrated Trojan war may not be deemed irrelevant to these pages. It may tend not only to the amusement of my readers, but better explain the whereabouts of those ancient countries and tribes remarkable for their valuable breeds of the horse. Many historians believe Troy to have been inhabited by a mixed race of Greeks and Phrygians. The ancient kingdom of Troy existed 1184 years before

* See Gillies' Greece, vol. i.

Christ, and was situated on the eastern banks of the Hellespont, on the southern shores of the Propontis, and the northern shores of the Ægean sea. The Trojan dominions extended in length 200 miles from the river Esepus, to the promontory of Lectum, but the breadth was far less considerable, being irregularly compressed between three seas, and the lofty ridges of Mount Ida. It was called "Hellespontian," to distinguish it from the large interior province of Phrygia. The beauty of the country, and mildness of its climate, rendered this country very far superior to Greece.

In speaking of Helen, I cannot do better than give her description (in a condensed form) in the historian's own words:—"Helen was the daughter of Tyndarus, King of Sparta. Even in the tender age of childhood her opening charms had inflamed the heart of Theseus, the most admired and the most virtuous of the Grecian chiefs, and, according to the manners of the age, he carried her off by force; but the king, her father, anxious to prevent the violence of a second lover, bound her various

suitors by oath to defend the honour of his daughter, and to secure the possession of her charms to the man who should be honoured by her choice, which fell upon Menelaus (a descendant of Priam and of the infamous Tantalus, celebrated in Trojan history), who for his princely mien and insinuating manners was preferred to the more solid qualities of his numerous competitors, and succeeded in her right to the Spartan throne.

They did not, however, long enjoy the honour of royalty, when their happiness was interrupted by the arrival of the son of Priam, the handsomest man of his age, and eminently adorned with the frivolous accomplishments that often captivate the weakness of a female mind (however *true*, the historian is by no means gallant to the fair). The name of the Trojan Lothario was Paris, a soldier of little or no renown, but strongly imbued by the romantic spirit of gallantry that prevailed in the heroic ages. Beauty he adored; and, anxious to behold and captivate its inimitable model, he seized the opportunity offered by her

husband, Menelaus, making a voyage into Crete, to visit the dominions of his hereditary enemies, and solicit the rites of hospitality at the Grecian court.

"His person, his accomplishments, and the voluntary hardships which he had endured for her sake, won the inconstant affections of the Spartan queen. For him she abandoned her husband and her country, and having transported her most valuable treasures within the Trojan walls, defied the resentment of Greece and the vengeance of heaven." The outraged husband, aided by Agamemnon, assembled their confederates at Ægium, the capital of Achaia. They settled there the proportion of troops to be raised by each prince; appointed Agamemnon to the command, being the most powerful amongst them, and determined the time and place of their departure. Aulis, a seaport of Bœotia, was decided upon as the place of rendezvous and embarcation. However, before the armament would sail, Ulysses, King of Ithaca, and, what may seem extraordinary, Menelaus

himself, undertook a solemn embassy to Troy, in order to demand restitution and reparation; but they returned disgusted and indignant, for some members of the Trojan council proposed their death. This the more inflamed their soldiery; but contrary winds long retarded their departure.

Thus the Trojans had time to strengthen their ramparts, to collect arms and provisions, and to summon to their aid their distant allies. The martial spirit of the age, together with a sense of common danger, brought powerful auxiliaries to Priam. He was defended by the mountaineers who covered the back of the kingdom, by the Carians, Lycians, and other nations of Asia-Minor, extending from the mouth of the river Halys to the southern extremity of Cilicia, and by the Pelasgi, Thracians and Paconians, fierce barbarians, who inhabited the European side of the Hellespont and Propontis, determining to defend their native shores; and, relying on their domestic strength, they shut themselves up within their impenetrable walls, leaving the city open only on the

side of Mount Ida to receive the city's necessary supplies. Various were the defeats and successes of the contending armies for nine years. The Greeks experienced many disasters, which tended considerably to raise the spirits of the besieged; but in the *tenth* year of the war the seeming misfortunes of the Grecks precipitated the downfall of the proud city of Priam. A pestilence invaded the Greek camp, which calamity was followed by the celebrated quarrel between Agamemnon and Achilles. The Trojans, taking advantage of these misfortunes, abandoned the protection of their walls, assailed the besiegers, and were victorious in many engagements; in the last, the beloved friend of Achilles was slain by Hector, the bravest and most generous of the Trojan race.

This event was infinitely more dreadful than death to the affectionate ardour of the Grecian chief, and had the effect of overpowering his hitherto inexorable resentment against the proud tyranny of Agamemnon. He returned to the camp —restored the fortune of the Greeks, and quenched his fury in the detested blood of Hector, whose

valour had long been the firmest bulwark of his father's kingdom. The destruction of Troy soon followed the death of her darling hero." The historian proceeds to say—"The city, whether taken by storm or by surprise, was set on fire during the night." Of course, any event of such an extremely remote period must be more or less traditional; but the received version of the fall of Troy is as follows (though the historian I have quoted from makes no mention of it).

The Greeks, under cover of night, introduced into the city a *colossal wooden horse*, the interior of which was filled by armed men, who surprised the enemy, burnt the city, and put the inhabitants, without distinction or pity for age or sex, to death. Thus fell great Troy, after a siege of nearly ten years, for the miserable caprice and vanity of a beautiful, weak, and vicious woman. If this story should be the correct one, it proves that the *Horse* was a familiar object, even at so very remote a period as the siege of Troy, to the Greeks, &c. The beautiful example of filial piety took place at

the close of the Trojan siege. When the city was taken, and the first fury of the victors over, they were seized with pity for the small remnant of captive citizens, and generously ordered it to be proclaimed that every free citizen had the liberty of taking away any one thing he valued most, upon which Æneas, neglecting every thing else, only carried away with him his household gods. The Greeks, delighted with his piety, gave him permission to take with him any other thing he valued most. Immediately he took upon his shoulders his aged father, who had grown decrepid, and was carrying him out of the town. Struck with admiration at such a noble instance of piety, filial duty and affection, the Greeks gave him leave to take every thing that belonged to him, declaring that NATURE itself would not suffer them to be enemies to such as showed so great piety to the gods, and so great reverence to their parents..

We find that the Centaurs, as an ancient author designates them, from their unusual and singular appearance at that time—"semi-human horses and

semi-equine men" — were a tribe of Pelasgi, or emigrants from Phrygia and the southern shores of the Euxine sea, a colony of Egyptians left there by Sesostris in his Phrygian and Scythian expedition, supposed to have been a century before the Trojan war, for we find that Chiro, their chief, was the preceptor of Achilles. Their first appearance was in Thessaly, and so terrified the origina inhabitants by forms so incomprehensible to their eyes as a "horse and his rider," like the poor Mexicans of a later age when beholding the Spanish cavalry, that they fled in a panic at the double-shaped monsters that advanced to attack them.

We have before remarked that the trappings of the ancient horses were of extraordinary splendour, but saddles were not used. That they were known is certain, for we find in the Bible, "Balaam *saddled* his ass;" and mention is made of them in other instances throughout the Old Testament.

The Numidian horses were more extraordinary still, for we are told they had no bridles, neither were they usually shod. "Hard as brass, solid as

flint," were the *indispensables* of an ancient steed's hoof. In the East the dryness of the roads renders shoeing unnecessary; but in the humid atmosphere of Europe it is indispensable, to guard against the danger of the hoofs falling off, which frequently occurs in traversing miry and marshy ground, and which was the cause of an accident that happened to the Numidian cavalry in Hannibal's harassing march between Trebia and Fesulæ.

We find in the Roman annals that the Emperor Nero and his Empress had their horses shod with gold and silver, and the oats with which they were fed *gilt!!* In fact, in those days the horses of Nero appeared to have rivalled in sacredness the sacred elephants of Siam, so elaborate were the arrangements for their comfort made by one of the most detested tyrants that Rome ever suffered under.

In speaking of shoeing in those ages, we wish to convey to our readers the idea that horses were not, in our notions of the present day, shod; they wore a sort of sandal, composed of leather (or

similar substances), fastened by strings to the horses feet and legs; but, in the instance of the Emperor Nero and his wife Poppæa, the hoof protectors were thin plates of gold and silver fastened by strings; but they were seldom used, and only for the worst places of a journey.

Arabia has been celebrated through the world for its horses for many centuries for the superior breeds and the treatment that preserves them. The Arab's sole wealth is his horse, which is cherished and caressed with the same affection that he bestows on his wife and children, and this affection the noble animal returns with extraordinary instinct and docility. At so great a distance as Mexico from Arabia, the roving tribes of the latter are closely imitated in their only source of wealth, their horse, as well as in their poverty. The instance to which we refer is a small secluded town called Acaponeta, and the inhabitants are so poor, that the government leaves them in peace, there being nothing in their possession to excite its rapacity. They live, as it

were, in a world of their own, and enjoy the *dolce far niente* in its purest sense, contented with the little of this world's wealth that falls to their lot, consisting only of their horses, saddles, spurs, and serapa (or wrapper).

This little instance goes far to prove the truth of the Italian proverb, "Men meet when mountains cannot;" and that it is not impossible to find the customs and manners of the great family of man assimilate in some things, though situated at the antipodes from each other.

The Bedouin tribes, so remarkable for their horses and their depredations on all other tribes, are (by Biblical authority) descendants from Ishmael, the son of Hagar, the Egyptian handmaid of Sarah, Abraham's wife. The Angel of God who found her in the wilderness in her affliction prophesied that her descendants should be a multitude, and that her son should be a wild man, "his hand against every man, and every man's hand against him," (Genesis, c. 16); a prophecy fully borne out by the Bedouins, whose trade is

not only war and plunder upon strangers, but carried on with as much virulence upon each other. There is no union between them.

"The natural bond
Of brotherhood is sever'd as the flax
That falls asunder at the touch of fire."

To plunder each other is a fair and honourable undertaking, and there is no form of robbery considered *disgraceful*, the disgrace alone being with the loser. Their beautiful mares are of inconceivable value to them in their attacks upon the caravans. Their great fleetness, docility and perfect training (so perfect that they obey the slightest word or gesture) are the principle safeguards of an Arab robber; "fleet as the wind," they baffle pursuit.

"Freedom's fierce unconquered child,
The Bedouin robber, nursling of the wild.
With whirlwind speed he guides his vagrant band,
Fire-eyed and tawny as their subject sand,
On foam-bossed steeds impetuous all advance,
Whirl the bright sabre, couch the quivering lance;
Or, grasping, ruthless, in the savage chase,
The belt-slung carbine, the spike-armed mace.
Ardent for plunder, emulate the wind,
Scour the lone level, spurn the world behind.

> While the dense dust-cloud rears his giant form,
> And, rolled in spires, reveals the threatning storm."
>
> *Grant's Arabia.*

Busbequius, a scholar attached to the retinue of Don Pedro Lasso, ambassador at the English Court from Ferdinand, first Emperor of Germany, and present with his Excellency at the marriage of the English Queen Mary with Philip the Second of Spain (July 25th, 1554), was selected by King Ferdinand for an important mission to the Turks. We pass over his arrival, and give in his own words his description of the Eastern cavalry, two hundred and eighty years ago.

"It was a very pleasant spectacle to a man like me, unaccustomed to see such sights, for their bucklers and spears were curiously painted, their sword-handles bedecked with jewels, their plumes of feathers party-coloured, and the covering of their heads being twisted linen (turbans) as white as snow. Their apparel was purple-coloured, or at least a dark blue; they rode upon stately mettle-

some steeds, that were caparisoned with most beautiful trappings."

Those troops having conducted him with much civility to the castle of Gran, situated on a hill, and garrisoned by Turks, entertained him, "not after a courtly but a military fashion." "The next day (says Busbequius,) the Turkish governor, with all his retinue, and a large body of horse, accompanied me some distance on my journey to Buda. The cavalry, as soon as we came out of the gates, began to show me some sport—curveting and charging each other. They also threw their bonnets on the ground, and galloping their horses with full speed by them, took them up on the point of their spears, and many more such active pranks did they perform.

"Amongst the rest of them there was a Tartar, who had thick bushy hair hanging down over his shoulders. They told me he always went bareheaded, and would never have any other defence for his head, either against the inclemency of the

weather, or the hazards of battle, than his own hair.

"This man was one of the set called Delhis (madmen), who were the desperadoes and fanatics of the Turkish army, and whose courage or blind fury, and self-devotion to the prophet were generally kept alive by copious draughts of opium."

The most graceful account of the horse in its wild state, with its many superb attributes, is given by Lord Byron, in his exquisite poem of "Mazeppa," no doubt familiar to our readers.

"In truth he was a noble steed,
A Tartar of the Ukraine breed,
Who looked as though the speed of thought
Were in his limbs; but he was wild,
Wild as the wild deer, and untaught,
With spur and bridle undefiled —
'Twas but a day he had been caught;
And snorting with erected mane,
And struggling fiercely, but in vain,
In the full foam of wrath and dread,
To me the desert-born was led:
. . . . . .
Away, away, my steed and I,
Upon the pinions of the wind
All human dwellings left behind;
We sped like meteors through the sky,

When with its crackling sound the night
Is chequered with the Northern light;
Town—village—none were on our track,
But a wild plain of far extent,
And bounded by a forest black;
And save the scarce seen battlement
On distant heights of some stronghold,
Against the Tartars built of old,
No trace of Man . . . . . .
At length, while reeling on our way,
Methough I heard a courser neigh
From out yon tuft of blackening firs.
Is it the wind those branches stirs?
No, no! from out the forest prance
A trampling troop, I hear them come.
In one vast squadron they advance;
I strove to cry. My lips were dumb.
The steeds rush on in plunging pride,
But where are they the reins to guide?
A thousand horse, and none to ride!
With flowing tail, and flying mane,
Wide nostrils—never stretched with pain,
Mouths bloodless to the bit or rein,
And feet that iron never shod,
And flanks unscarr'd by spur or rod,
A thousand horse, the wild, the free,
Like waves that follow o'er the sea,
Came thickly thundering on .....
.....On came the troop, they saw him stoop,
They saw me strangely bound along
His back with many a bloody thong;
They stop, they start, they snuff the air,
Gallop a moment here and there,

Approach, retire, wheel round and round,
Then plunging back with sudden bound,
Headed by one black mighty steed,
Who seemed the patriarch of his breed,
Without a single speck or hair
Of white upon his shaggy hide;
They snort, they foam, neigh, swerve aside,
And backward to the forest fly,
By instinct, from a human eye."

How eloquently the immortal poet describes the great law of "Instinct" implanted by an all-wise God in the lower species for their preservation! How beautifully he describes the wild herd careering on their way, coming suddenly upon the worn-out steed. Imbued with an affection for one of their race, the magnificent animals

"Approach, retire, wheel round and round,"

as if unwilling to leave him. However frightened by the strange object of the man bound upon his back—they

"Backward to the forest fly,
By instinct, from a human eye."

It is an almost generally received opinion, that the human eye has the power of at once quelling

and fascinating the animal creation, and amongst the number first on the list subject to this influence is the *horse*. To attempt a theory of the causes that this supposition may have given rise to, would be foreign to the exact subject under our immediate notice, and tax too much the time and forbearance of our readers by voluminous arguments of little interest to the general reader, and to the scientific and anatomical presenting no new feature, and after all concluding, as we do now, at the same point from which we started, TRADITION.

The human eye is on the principle of a *camera obscura*, which, though it limits the range of the sight, renders it at the same time more intensely acute and clear. This great property of the human vision proceeds from a black lining membrane at the back.

To elucidate this more clearly, we shall feel pleasure in giving a short anatomical description. The eye is a round substance imbedded in the skull, in a cavity formed to receive it. To this cavity are the muscles attached which communi-

cate the moving power to it and the eye-lid; and there also are the perforations for the passage of the numerous nerves. The whole is lined with a fatty substance, which prevents injury to the eye from the (otherwise unavoidable) contact with the bone, and facilitates the freedom so indispensable to its movement without being attended by friction.

The *ball* is composed of transparent fluids contained in membraneous integuments, the outside, named sclerotica (which does not quite cover the ball), being a hard substance. Next is the cornea, which is horny and transparent in texture, and forms that globular projection beyond the outline of the eye itself. This and the sclerotica are furnished with a most delicate membrane, gifted with intense sensitiveness, and there placed to guard the *insensible* eye-ball from any injury. The next is a loose membrane called the choroid, full of blood-vessels, coloured either black or brown, &c.

In the front of the eye, behind the cornea, is the iris, which is perforated by the pupil, a part so extremely sensitive that it contracts and expands

instantaneously with any change of light. The space between the iris and the cornea is filled by a liquid, the use of which is not only to fill up, without injuring the sight, the numerous spaces, but to keep the latter in its required state of convexity. The ball of the eye is lined with a fine and delicately nervous network, designated the *retina*, which communicates with that nerve placed at the back of the ball, upon which external images are impressed on the same simple plan as the *camera obscura*, and is called the optic nerve, which is that particular one that directly communicates with the brain.

The interior of the ball is filled with a thick fluid, named the vitrious humour; then comes (in connexion with the choroid membrane) the lens, or crystalline humour, which is in a thin transparent case, and double convex in form. The surface of the eye is kept in supply of the necessary moisture (amongst other uses, so necessary for carrying off such small particles of dust, or various extraneous matter that get lodged there and would produce inflammation, &c.) by the lachrymal gland.

Nature then provides the eye-lid, to protect the eye from external injury; and further, to guard this exquisite piece of machinery, places over it the hairy arch called the "eye-brow," which receives, before it can reach the eye, the moisture exuding from the forehead, and forms a receptacle for a minute and almost impalpable matter, that could not otherwise be guarded against by the open eye.

The horse (and animals generally), from the great space between the eyes, can see over an immense expanse. On examination of the lining membrane of the horse's eye, it will be found to be of a sea-green colour, which absorbs much less light, and, in common with the dog, cat, &c., gives that wonderful facility of seeing objects in (what may be almost termed) the dark—an exquisite sense denied to man for some mysterious reason of that God whose ways are inscrutable, but in all things ordered for our good. Who is there that has not encountered a pair of glaring yellow eyes in a dark room, and, having undergone all the agonies of

almost supernatural horror, find the sublime suddenly sunk into the ridiculous, by ascertaining that they were indebted for their pleasureable feelings of fright to the (unromantic idea) household CAT !!!

It would be a long task to enumerate the varieties of vision in the inferior creation, sufficient is it to say, each animal is gifted with that peculiar sight suitable to its wants; for example, animals (and even birds), natives of jungles and forests, have a third eyelid, for the greater security of their sight: in technical language it is called the "nictitating membrane," which resembles a curtain, and is drawn from the inner corner of the eye across the cornea.

How insignificant would this simple knowledge have rendered the supernatural stories that in our youth have made us shrink together with dread! How utterly would it have stripped of their terrors the "hair-breadth 'scapes" of our forefathers, in their mysterious adventures on their journeys home from a Christmas party! and as it may be inferred, from the habits of some eighty years past, in a

misty state of mind as to the precise nature of the "Tam O'Shanter" race, the jolly old gentleman (though in no fit state for reflection, it may be presumed) had to endure—to be handed down as an heir-loom of traditionary terrible adventure for years and perhaps centuries to come. We say how completely would the story have been stripped of its romantic and supernatural charms by the enlightenment of the present enlightened age, in finding the patriarchal squire's nerves were so unstrung by the natural gift of his horse's seeing in the dark, and, according to this, perceiving some adjacent tree, or—thank God the present age of civilization, christian feeling and good sense, have now completely done away with a custom so revolting to the human mind—GIBBET, cow or donkey, at which he took fright.

It would be with regret, however, that we should see the mantle of romance stripped from the legends of many an old haunted house. Little it is that *ever remains to link us to the dead* and the past; therefore, the few ivy leaves that remain

over the ruins of flown years, we fain would let flourish on in their freshness and life. Much as the superstition of former years has been deplored,—and for the welfare of society should for the future be exposed,—yet we would not lend our aid to tear asunder the few remaining links that bind us to past ages by explaining away the lingering traditions of many an old and ruined pile. The mysteries of the baronial residence, or the manor house, which now can do no harm, serve only to rescue memories of the departed from oblivion, dear to their land, or,—what may be more sacred—to household hearths, and contribute to adorn a country's history. The same gifted author seizes the opportunity to note with great beauty another provision of Providence — that of a chief to a herd—

> "Headed by one black, mighty steed,
> Who seemed the patriarch of his breed."

To even the most superficial observer, at all gifted with a reasoning mind, the magnificient order of Nature is apparent. We need not ascend to the heavens to behold how the heavenly bodies there

"keep their appointed course." We, for this, should require astronomical knowledge and a certain cultivation of the mind, which would lead us to the same truth that humbler observation would ascertain.

A beehive, with its head, the queen-bee, to which all the others in their *different grades and classes* are subservient, from the caterers of honey for the benefit of the whole hive, the cell-builders for its reception, the various classes that are engaged in the formation of that mysterious substance, at once their own food and the medicine and luxury of man, down to the drone, that (as it were) performs the drudgery of the hive, is in itself a volume, and a lesson of the order and will of a God—who, in all communities, from the brute creation to the nobler one of man, for the safety and preservation of *all ranks*, appointed to them ONE HEAD.

Of this apparent truth it is useless to multiply instances in the tribes of man or the species of animals. From the bosom of social life, to the most abject of the human family, this order of

existence is so NATURAL that it requires no arguments to inculcate it. Amongst other animals remarkable for their chiefs (such as the elephant, deer, wild cattle, &c., &c.) are the herds of the wild horse; and magnificent indeed must have been the sight (so superbly described) of a herd of this noble and sagacious animal in its natural state—

> "A thousand horse, the wild, the free,
> *Like waves that follow o'er the sea.*"

In the few remarks that can be introduced in a work of this extent, we shall briefly notice one more important evidence of the instinct implanted in animals for their safety. We allude to "sentinels," one animal (or more) selected from the herd of its species, to whom, by some mysterious intelligence, is deputed the office of warning the herd of the approach of danger.

What a lovely picture may be formed in the mind's eye of the graceful chamois, poised on a peak of dizzy height:—looking in its dim outline more a being of air in its own wild and lovely

Switzerland,—watching with a keenness inconceivable for the approach of the hunter. No form, however trivial, can escape that glance—no noise, however slight, that ear. Quick as thought, the peculiar watchword (one must call it so) is given, and, like the wind, the multitude has disappeared, hidden by eternal and inaccessible glaciers, freezing the heart to look upon—dazzling the eye by their pure white, their heights rendering the head giddy, and inspiring the mind with a feeling of sublimity and awe.

Who is there that is not familiar with the deer?—And who has not admired the elegant shape and noble antlers of the proud stag, and pictured to himself those superb animals in their wild state in their far northern forest homes, herding together in thousands, guarded by their sentinels? What dreams of the "merrie olden time" are indulged in by many a scion of a noble house, as he sees in its most honoured place of the old hall the valued trophy of a stag's head and antlers —memorials not only of the age that has passed

away, but of the healthful and manly recreations, and the youth, beauty and happiness that have too passed away and become but a memory within it.

Few there are who are not familiar with Mr. E. Landseer's beautiful creations on this noble subject, "The Sanctuary," "The Challenge," with their exquisite highland scenery, making the beholders almost wish they gazed upon the scene in reality, or that some of the kind elfs of the land of Mary Stuart would transport us back to the days and mountain haunts of Roderick Dhu.

But while we endeavour to point out the beauty and magnificence united to sagacity of such animals, we must not throw entirely into the shade the little mountain-bred hardy animal that constitutes often the sole wealth of the poor Welchman, affording him food and milk, and, when petted, rendering to its master the same docility, attachment and sagacity as the proverbial dog. What Opera-frequenter will not remember the favourite of the

heroine of the brilliant ballet, La Esmeralda, with pleasurable feelings.

When the proud and beautiful daughters of England robe in their superb cachmeres their more exquisite forms, and perceive how well the soft and luxurious folds of the delicate fabric harmonize with necks that, for grace and beauty, rival the swan, and faces more radiant than their national emblem, because lit up by happy hearts and homes —we shall ask them to remember the beautiful Asiatic animal, though it does not wake such memories as that of a Llewellen, yet in its poor way endeavours, by contrast to such silky softness, to enhance, not rival, such loveliness—but a "little lower than the angels."

With these few remarks we launch this little barque on the wide sea of our readers' kindness. If we have amused and at the same time instructed, light indeed has been our labour, compared to the enjoyment that such a reflection must bring.

We have not endeavoured to sail under false colours, but have frankly avowed that this brief

historical introduction has been culled from histories and works of men eminent for their learning and truth, and whose names have survived the lapse of years, and risen from the graves in which their bodies repose to leave an odour of learning and instruction for our guidance.

Such portions as could in anyway throw light upon the subject of so noble an animal as the horse we have carefully selected; and again recommending (in all confidence, feeling assured we shall obtain it) this little work to the kind forbearance of our readers,

We now bid them a brief FAREWELL.

PART II.

CHARACTER AND MANAGEMENT OF THE HORSE, WITH DIRECTIONS FOR RIDING.

A KNOWLEDGE of the general character and disposition of the horse *is really and absolutely necessary* to his skilful management, from his extremely nervous sensibility, his aptness to take the various impressions of fear, affection or dislike, to any of which he is naturally very quickly disposed.

"Reas'ning at ev'ry step he treads,
Man yet mistakes his way;
While meaner things by instinct led
Are rarely known to stray."

SPEAKING in soothing terms to a horse, so that he may become familiar to your voice, gives him confidence in his rider, which is of the utmost

importance, as much more is at all times to be accomplished by gentle than by harsh measures, impressions of kindness or otherwise being speedily conveyed and also retained in his memory, which is remarkably retentive.

This mutual confidence is perfectly appreciated by the Arabs, and the necessity of a reciprocity of affection is well understood by them. They invariably treat their horses with the utmost kindness and affection; they are the Bedouin's beloved and staunch companions, and on them is their sole reliance for help and security in their nocturnal and predatory excursions; they inhabit the same tent, and the neck of the horse is not unfrequently the pillow of the Arab and his family; yet no accident ever occurs; the kindness with which he is treated gives him an affection for his master, a wish to please, and a pride in exerting every energy in obedience to his commands.

Bad Habits are speedily and easily acquired by this noble animal, and, when once learned, are very

difficult to break him of. *In nine cases out of ten these arise out of the stupidity and brutality of an idle, drunken, ill-tempered groom, who invariably, when out of temper himself, vents his rage upon the unoffending animal, who, at last, to protect himself from his cruel and besotted tormentor, acquires a habit of kicking and biting all and every person and thing within his reach, being fearful that they are about to maltreat him.*

Many horses are condemned as *vicious*, and are actually rendered so through the timidity of the rider. The animal is playful from rest, or perhaps naturally of a lively temper, and the *rider, owing to want of judgment* to enable him to discriminate between playfulness, nervousness and vice, becomes alarmed, loses his self-command, and, *not having learned the proper method of using his hands and reins*, in his fruitless and *boisterous endeavours* to save himself from falling, imparts fear to the horse. The animal *then* naturally imagines he has committed some fault and is *fearful of punishment*, and further, *not being familiar with the voice* of his

rider, a mutual struggle for safety occurs, and causes an accident. *Then* the horse is condemned as *vicious*, although the rider was *solely* in fault. The *same horse* in the hands of an *experienced* horseman soon becomes as *quiet* as ever. How often do we find that really dangerous horses have been reclaimed by ladies riding them! This is entirely owing to their using them gently, yet firmly, and speaking kindly to them, and by that means imparting confidence to the animals, and thus making them—

> "All that a horse should be, which nought did lack,
> Save a good rider on so proud a back."

A few minutes' riding will at all times be sufficient to discover the nature and temper of the horse, as also what system of treatment has been and must (in consequence) be pursued towards him.

There are very many persons who are considered good horsemen who have no fear, and will ride anything or at anything, and yet have no idea, beyond the mere fact of riding, whether the saddle,

bridle and accoutrements are properly placed, though, in many instances, this has caused serious accidents.

The *method* of gracefully *holding* and *using the reins* is also *very requisite*, although but little understood or attended to; in fact, *it seems to be quite a secondary consideration* with some Riding Masters, *instead* of a SINE QUA NON. One person may pull at a runaway horse with all his strength but to no purpose, whilst another, *having that knowledge*, shall be able to manage and hold him with a packthread.

RUNAWAY HORSES are most frequently made so by bad and timid riders, who make use of whip and spurs without having a firm seat. Such persons, on the horse shying or jumping about in a playful mood, are easily unseated, and in their endeavours to recover themselves, slacken their reins, at the same time unintentionally goading him with their spurs, or striking him with the whip. In clutching at the reins, the animal,

frightened, naturally increases his speed, until, from the continued irritation of whip and spur in the now terrified horseman's futile attempts to subdue him, he becomes maddened with terror and excitement, and ultimately throws his rider.

Shying is oftentimes the result of skittishness, or affectation in the first instance. This might have been easily overcome and cured at the commencement by judicious treatment, by the rider using firmness tempered with kindness; avoiding all harsh measures, and passing the animal several times quietly by the object that causes him to shy. A word half scolding, half encouraging, with a gentle pressure of the heel, or a slight touch of the spur and whip, will tell the horse there is nothing to fear, and it will give him confidence in his rider on future occasions.

Kicking, a dangerous vice, is generally the result of an idle groom or stable boy playing with the horse and pinching him on the loins, so that should

any extraneous substance be in the padding of the saddle, or the flaps of the coat touch him there, or even the hand be thoughtlessly laid on his quarters, he immediately commences kicking to dislodge the cause. Once succeeding in this, he invariably has recourse to the same remedy, until the habit becomes confirmed. There are many valuable horses ruined by thoughtlessness and folly,—this is more frequently the case with horses of high courage. In many instances a *very trivial* alteration in the adjustment of the saddle or bridle, &c., (had the equestrian *been properly instructed*, and thereby possessed the knowledge of *how such* alteration *ought* to have been made,) would *have saved* much annoyance to the rider and *unnecessary pain* to the animal.

When a horse is kicking the rider should throw the body well back, raising the horse's head, and apply the whip smartly over the shoulders.

Rearing is a most dangerous vice, and difficult to break. It is often caused by the bit being too

sharp for the horse, he being very tender mouthed, or perhaps sore.

When rearing, the whole weight of both horse and rider being thrown perpendicularly on the animal's hind legs, the *most trifling* check from the rider's hand would cause him to fall backwards. The rider must drop the hand as before, loosen the reins, and throw his whole weight on his shoulders, at the same time catching him round the neck with his right hand. This will very much assist in bringing him down on his feet again, and prevent the rider's body from falling backwards.

Unsteadiness in mounting is very often the consequence of the horse's eagerness and anxiety to start. It is generally the fault with thoroughbred, high-couraged, young and nervous horses. It is most annoying, more especially with elderly and timid riders; many are frequently thrown before they can firmly seat themselves. This is only to be cured by an active and good horseman, combined with firm yet gentle and kind usage,

approaching him gently and patting him, mounting at the first effort, then, when seated, restraining him, patting his neck, and speaking kindly to him, at the same time not allowing him to move until he is perfectly quiet. A few days will quite cure him of his fault. Remember, harshness *must never* be used in this case, as great mischief may and will be done by such a course, and the habit will be more fully confirmed. *Kindness* will generally succeed in most cases of vice; *Harshness* never will.

The position of the saddle should be in accordance with the formation of the horse's shoulders, and about a hand's breadth from them, so as in no way to interfere with or impede the free action of the muscles.

The malposition of the saddle, particularly in horses with upright shoulders, is the cause of many horses falling, from its pressing too much on the shoulders, and by that means confining the action of the muscles, which thus become benumbed, and lose their elasticity. A partial deadening of the

limbs having taken place, the horse, from want of vitality in the leg, stumbles, and is unable, through torpidity of the muscles, to recover himself, and falls to the ground; in many cases, he has been known to fall as if shot.

The saddle should be wide and roomy. The length of the stirrups should be such as to give ease to both horse and rider. The latter ought at all times to endeavour to assimilate his movements in the saddle to those of the horse in his stride.

A tight rein should always be avoided, because, if he carries his head low, it tends to deaden his mouth and to teach him the bad habit of depending upon the bridle for support, in which case he always goes heavily in hand and on his shoulders. A horse should at all times be taught to go upon his haunches. If the horse naturally carries his head well, it is better to ride him with a light hand, only just feeling his mouth.

"With neck like a rainbow erecting his crest,
Pamper'd, prancing and pleased, his head touching his breast,
Scarcely snuffing the air, he's so proud and elate,
The high mettled racer first starts for the plate."

Old Song.

ON FIXING THE BRIDLE, SADDLE, &c. PROPERLY.

THE BRIDLE.

In fitting the bridle, *the curb-bit* should be placed so that the mouth-piece be about one inch above the lower tusk,—in mares, two inches above the corner tooth; *the bridoon* touching the corner of the lips, so as to fit easy, without wrinkling them; *the headstall* parallel to the projecting cheek-bone and behind it; *the throatlash* should be sufficiently long to fall just below the cheek-bone, and not lay over or upon it; *the noseband* should be placed low, but that must depend very much upon the size of the horse's mouth, and not buckled tight; *the curb*, when properly fitted, should be flat and smooth in the hollow of the lips, so as to admit one finger easily between.

THE SADDLE

Should be placed in the middle of the horse's back, about a hand's breadth, or four to five inches from the shoulders, so as to give perfect freedom

to the action of the muscles of the shoulders. *The girths* must be laid evenly, one over the other, and admit freedom for one finger between the girth and the horse's belly. *The surcingle* should fit neatly over the girths, and not be buckled tighter than they are. *The breastplate* or *martingale* (the large ring of) should be placed about two inches above the sharp breast-bone, and should allow of the hand being laid flat between it and the shoulders. *The stirrups* (the length of, should be) the bottom edge of the bar, about three inches above the heel of the boot.

ON MOUNTING.

In mounting, the horse should always be approached quietly on the near (or left) side, and the reins taken up steadily. *The snaffle* (or bridoon) rein first, then pass this rein along the palm of the left hand through between the forefinger and thumb. *The curb rein* must now be drawn over the little finger, and both reins, being held of an equal length, and having an even pressure on the horse's mouth,

must be laid over each other, being held firmly in the hand, the thumb pressing hard upon them to prevent them slipping through the fingers. Be particular that the reins are not taken up too short, for fear it might cause the horse to rear or run back; *they must be held neither too tight nor too slack, but having an equal feeling of the horse's mouth.*

Next take up a handful of the mane with the right hand, bring it through the full of the left hand, and twist it round the thumb. Take hold of the stirrup with the right hand, the thumb in front. Place the left foot in the stirrup as far as the ball of it, placing the right hand on the cantle or back part of the saddle, and, by a spring of the right foot from the instep, raise yourself up in your stirrup, move your hand from the cantle to the pummel of the saddle to support your body, whilst your right leg passes clearly over your horse's quarters; your right knee then closes on the saddle, and the body falls gently into it. The left hand now quits the mane, and the stirrup must be taken

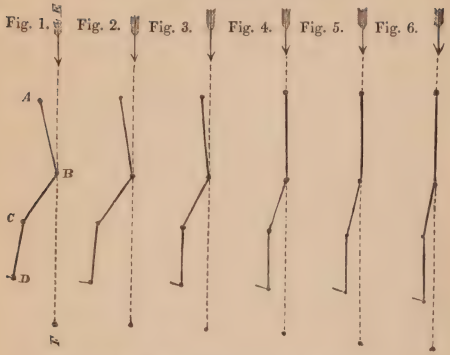
without the help of eye, or hand. Your left hand (the bridle hand) must be placed with the wrist rounded outwards opposite the centre of the body, and about three inches from it, letting your right arm drop without constraint by the side of the thigh.

POSITION IN THE SADDLE.

The rider should sit upright and equally balanced in the middle of his saddle, his head erect, and shoulders well thrown back, the chest advanced, the small of the back bent forward, but without stiffness. The hollow part of the arm should hang down straight from the shoulder; the lower part square to the upper; the thighs well stretched down; the flat part to the saddle, so that the fore part of the knees may press and grasp the saddle.

Let the legs hang down easily and naturally close to the horse's sides, with the feet parallel to the same, and the heels well stretched down, the toes raised from the instep and as near the horse's sides as the heels; the feet retained in the stirrups by an easy play of the ankle and stirrup, the stirrup

DIAGRAM 1.—GENTLEMEN.



Explanation of the Diagram, showing the different seats.

Fig. 1. Racing.
2. Hunting.
3. Park.
4. Wayte's improved seat.
5. Heavy Dragoon.
6. Hussar.

A. The shoulder joint.
B. Hip.
C. Knee.
D. Ankle.
E. & F. Line of plummet.

In the figures 1, 2 and 3, it will be seen that if a line and plummet were let fall, the line would only touch at B; falling several inches from D, owing to the position in the saddle.

In the figures 4, 5 and 6, the line would touch at A and B, and fall from two to five inches from D; consequently, the position in the saddle is materially improved, being also more graceful.

In figure 4—the improved seat—the position is on the same system as the Cavalry, but being more *negligé* in appearance, and *much* less constrained in *feeling*, although equally correct, a more elegant and graceful seat is imparted to the rider.

to be kept under the ball of the foot, the joint of the wrist kept easy and pliable, so as to give and take, as occasion may require. *A firm and well balanced position on horseback is of the utmost importance*, as it affects the horse in every motion, and failure in this proves one of his greatest impediments, and will materially injure him in all his movements,

In riding, the hands and legs should act in correspondence with each other in everything, the latter being always held subservient to the former. It is at all times easy to discover those persons who have been thoroughly instructed in the *manège* by their firm, graceful and uniform position in the saddle, and their ready and skilful application of the aids or motions, and the proper appliance of the bridle, hands and legs, so very necessary to the skilful guidance and control of the horse.

ON THE REINS, &c.

The Author would most particularly wish to impress upon his readers to adopt the plan for *safety's sake*—of riding with double reins, in order to avoid the numerous accidents so frequently occurring from reins breaking, the tongue of buckles giving way, and the sewing of the reins to the bits coming undone. Should there be *only one* rein, they are left quite at the mercy of an affrighted and infuriated animal, when, if there had been two, they would still have had sufficient command over the horse.

There is another equally urgent reason for advising this system of riding with single reins, which is, that the continual use of the curb materially tends to deaden the sensitiveness of the mouth, from the unavoidable constant drag upon the reins, particularly of tender-mouthed animals, it rendering the horse uneasy and fidgetty, causing him to throw his head about, and go extremely heavy in hand, and often to rear or run back, to the very

great danger and annoyance of the rider, especially when occurring in a crowded drive.

It is very requisite to ride a horse occasionally *well up to the curb bit*, and also to *keep him* well up to it, with the whip and heel, so that he may get used *to work on his haunches*. By this means, he must be thrown upon them, and consequently "go light in hand," the greater weight being taken from off his forehand, by which his carriage and general appearance in going is most materially improved.

The Author, after making several essays, has found the following method to be *the most correct and safe* for the *holding* of the reins when using *one* or *both* hands. By this mode the rider has a much firmer hold (in professional parlance "purchase") upon the reins in keeping them from slipping, and consequently a greater command over the horse, and can more readily allow either rein to slip should the rider desire to use but one.

FOR HOLDING THE REINS IN ONE HAND.

The reins should hang *untwisted* from the bits.

The rider must then take up the bridoon reins with his right hand, and pass the second and third fingers of the bridle (left) hand between them, draw up the reins with the right hand until the horse's mouth can be felt, and then pass them between the forefinger and thumb. Next take up the *curb reins* (again with the right hand), and pass the little finger of the bridle hand between them, draw them up, as before directed, with the right hand, until the rider perceives there is an equal length and feeling with the *bridoon* reins (*the latter* having *rather* the strongest pressure on the horse's mouth).

This done, *lay them also over* between the forefinger and thumb, and press down the thumb firmly upon them to keep them from slipping. The hand to be held with the wrist rounded outwards, and opposite the centre of the body, and about four inches from it. *The right* arm should hang without restraint, and *slightly* bent by the thigh, the whip being held about twelve inches from the head (of the whip), with the point turned upwards.

USING BOTH HANDS.

Take the bridoon reins between the second and third and the curb reins between the third and fourth fingers of each hand, each rein having an equal bearing on the horse's mouth; the hands to be held about six inches apart, with the wrists rounded outwards and the thumbs pressing firmly upon the reins, the elbows well down, and held near to the sides; the whip to be held as before directed.

FOR RIDING ON ONE REIN.

Take up *that* particular rein with the right hand, and pass the second and third fingers of the bridle-hand between them, and draw them up (the reins), but not so as to hold the horse too tight in hand; the *other* rein should hang down, having the little finger passed between them, and the thumb also over them, so that they may be caught hold of, and drawn up quickly on any sudden emergency; the loose reins to hang between those in use.

THE WHIP.

The whip, being a requisite aid in the management and guidance of the horse, should be used as an instrument of correction, *not for playing with, or flourishing about.* When using the whip for punishment, *scold* at the same time; by this means, with a cross word, will be associated the idea of chastisement. Much, however, can be achieved by kindness rather than by harsh measures; but, when *absolutely necessary*, do not hesitate to punish well, so that he may thoroughly understand *it is punishment* (not play) that is given for his fault—

> "A man of kindness to his beast is kind,
> But brutal actions show a brutal mind:
> Remember, he who made thee made the brute,
> Who gave thee speech and reason formed him mute.
> He can't complain, but God's omniscient eye
> Beholds thy cruelty—he hears his cry!
> He was designed thy servant—not thy drudge—
> But know—that his Creator is thy judge."

Colt-breaking is performed by the Guachos, as also the Kalmucks, with the lasso; the idea of being thrown, let a horse do what it likes, never

enters the head of a Guacho. A good rider, according to them, is a man who can manage an untamed colt, or who, if his horse falls, alights unhurt on his feet. They will at the moment of a horse falling backwards slip quietly off, and on the instant of his rising jump on him again; they never seem to exert any muscular force, and appear to ride very loosely and carelessly, looking as if every moment they must fall off: yet will the Guacho, if his horse be suddenly frightened, start and take fright simultaneously with his horse.

Nothing is done on foot by the Guachos that can be done on horseback. Even mounted beggars are to be seen in the streets of Buenos Ayres and Mendoza.

It is not surprising that with such multitudes of horses the people should all be riders, and excel all other nations in expertness and boldness in the management of their horses. The Indians of the Pampas and Praires, whose forefathers fled from the Spanish horsemen as if they were fatal apparitions, now seem to be a part and parcel of the

horse. The proudest attitude of the human figure is, they affirm, when a man, bending over his horse, lance in hand, is riding at his enemy. The Guachos, who themselves ride so beautifully, declare that it is impossible to vie with a mounted Indian, and that they have such a way of urging on their horses by their cries, and a peculiar motion of their bodies, that even if they were to change horses the Indians would beat them.

The Turks prefer generally the Turkman horse to the pure-blooded, slender Arabian; in fact, from their trying method of riding, the fine limbs of the Arab would be unable to stand the shock upon them, as their favorite manœuvre is to make a dead stop when galloping at full speed. To accomplish this feat, they use a very severe bit, and thereby destroy the sensibility of the horses' mouths. The Bedouins, on the contrary, use only a plain snaffle, whereby they keep up the fine sensitiveness of the mouth.

The Syrian horses are reared with the utmost tenderness and care, and fondled and played with

like children. They are equally good on the mountainous and stony ground as on the plain; indefatigable and full of spirit. The Timarli mostly ride horses of the Syrian breed, from their possessing these inestimable qualifications.

The Toorkman, or Turkman horses, are much esteemed amongst the Persians. These horses are large, swift, and possess extraordinary powers of endurance, although very awkward in appearance. Turkistan, their native region, lies north-east of the Caspian; but their tribes are widely dispersed over Persia, Asia-Minor and Syria.

The Persians are great admirers of horsemanship, and a bad rider affords them infinite amusement. "An officer of one of the English frigates having gone ashore to visit the envoy, and being mounted on a very spirited horse—and a very bad rider—caused great entertainment to the Persian populace by his bad horsemanship.

"The next day the man who supplied the ship with vegetables, and who spoke a little English, met him on board, and said, 'Don't be ashamed,

Sir, nobody knows you—bad rider! I tell them you, like all English, ride well, but that time they see you very drunk!' We were much amused at this conception of our national character. The Persian thought it would have been *a reproach for a man of a warlike nation not to ride well*, but none for an European to get drunk."*

The Neapolitans formerly took extreme pains in the breeding of their horses, making very great displays with them in the streets during the carnival and in Lent; and many families of the aristocracy had numerous and excellent studs, and bred horses of great spirit and beauty. The districts of Apulia and Abruzzi, and parts of Calabria, still furnish excellent animals.

The Neapolitan horse is small, but compact and strong; the head rather large, his neck short and bull shaped; he is the prototype of the horse of the ancient bassi-rilievi and other Roman sculptures found in the country. He can live on hard

* Vide Horse and his Rider.

fare, and is capable of undergoing great fatigue. These horses are frequently vicious and headstrong, but this is owing to harsh treatment, as with gentle usage they become extremely docile and good-tempered, although high spirited.

PART III.

ADVICE TO LADIES.

PREPARATORY to a lady mounting her horse, she should carefully approach him to the shoulder. The quietest horse will be sure to kick, on a person coming to him suddenly from behind, but if neared in the manner specified, a horse cannot possibly contrive either to bite or kick. It is correct to allow the horse to see the rider as much as possible, as it obviates the fright occasioned by a person getting suddenly on his back that he has not previously seen coming to him.

The Habit should be full, and also *the under*

garments, on which *depend* so much the requisite ease and graceful appearance. Neither should the Habit be so long as it is frequently worn (nearly touching the ground), because it prevents *that liberty so indispensable to security* in the sudden plunging of the horse. The result of the Habit being too long is, that it then becomes entangled in the horse's legs, and not unfrequently occasions a fall to both the rider and the horse, which is often attended by fatal consequences, particularly when the animal falls upon the ground, from the impossibility of getting it speedily extricated from under him.

Here I would advise the lady *not* to tuck her skirts tight over the crutch of her saddle, but to take pains to have it sufficiently easy to be enabled on the instant to disengage *both* skirt and knee. A facility *in this* can only be acquired by constant practice; and this is of *greater importance* to the female equestrian *to attain* than may appear at the first glance.

There are many old facts and proverbs to show

what great events depend upon mere trifles. A match will set fire to a palace, and cause immense loss of life and property. Had this *apparently slight accomplishment* been *made* a matter of *moderate consideration*, many a parent *need not* have had to deplore *the death or disfigurement* of a beloved child.

If the lady has her Habit drawn over the crutch of her saddle, and tucked tightly in under her leg, for the purpose of keeping her dress in its proper position, she denies herself the full liberty of her knee, in case of accident, to be off her horse on the slighest warning; she may fall with her horse, be dashed against a wall, or experience whatever may be the nature of the accident, *although foreseen*, before the tightness of her dress will allow her to get her leg out of its place, or make any effort to save herself; and, if she at all succeeds, she may have got the Habit entangled in the pummel, or be unable in her fright to disengage her foot from the stirrup (or shoe), and inevitably experience that most appalling of accidents, BEING

DRAGGED POWERLESS BY A TERRIFIED HORSE a considerable distance along the road.

Above all, the author wishes most *strongly* to recommend to ladies, *no matter how accomplished they may be in the science, to avoid* the dangerous and, to a graceful horsewoman, most unnecessary and ridiculous fashion of wearing "*Habit Brooches,*" things invented for "*trade purposes,*" which should never be patronized by any lady anxious for her own safety and the feelings of her family and friends.

The position of a lady on horseback is limited much in power when compared to that of a gentleman; but *all power* is taken away, and *all chance* of escape in case of accident, by that pernicious fashion "*The Habit Brooch.*" A slight fall to a wearer of it may be fatal, where, had she had the full liberty of her skirt, it might have been but a trivial occurrence. The *proper* arrangement of the skirt of the riding dress wholly depends on the lady herself, without making use of such a dangerous aid to prevent its flying about.

ON MOUNTING.

Two persons are absolutely necessary in assisting a lady to mount; the former for holding the horse quiet by standing in front of him and holding the reins close to the bit, one rein in each hand. The lady having regulated her habit, must stand perfectly erect, her right hand having the bridoon-rein hanging loosely on the thumb, being placed upon the upright horn, with the whip held between the thumb and forefinger, her right side towards the saddle and close to it.

The second person who assists her to mount is now to place himself near to and nearly fronting her, uniting his hands by putting his fingers between each other, and stooping down near to the ground, receive her left foot (care being previously taken that no part of her habit is under the foot when placed in his hands to check her spring), firmly placed in his hands, her left knee being kept as straight as possible (by that means giving additional power to the person to lift her perpendi-

cularly and gracefully into the saddle), the lady placing her left hand on his right shoulder; as he lifts her, she must *spring from the instep*, at the same time guiding herself into the saddle with her right hand.

On gaining the saddle, she should take hold of the habit and garments with the right hand, close to the knee, and raise them sufficiently to allow of the right knee dropping *well home* into the crutch of the saddle, and kept there, as far as possible, immoveable.

RULES FOR GAINING THE CORRECT POSITION IN THE SADDLE.

Before the lady mounts, she must endeavour to carry in her mind's eye the *centre* of the saddle. On *this centre* she should, as nearly as she can possibly remember, place herself; and, to assist her memory, she should take it for a rule to keep her eyes in a straight line between the horse's

ears when being lifted in to it. By this means she cannot fail (after a little practice) to drop al-almost insensibly into the correct position, the weight of the rider's body being thrown full into the centre of the saddle, thereby rendering her seat firm and easy to both the animal and herself.

For example, if we place a weight on one side of a table, the other side having nothing to counterbalance it, if the table does not fall, it will be at least insecure and extremely unsteady; but, if that weight be placed in the centre of the table, we render it safe and steady, even if ricketty before. In like manner, if the rider does not sit square to her horse, she must inevitably throw all her weight to one side, and thereby destroy her power over the horse, and, instead of giving the animal his correct action, render him unsafe and shambling in his gait.

POSITION IN THE SADDLE.

To obtain a correct position in the saddle, the rider must keep her head erect, and her shoulders

well thrown back, by which means the chest will be expanded, thereby giving the requisite hollowness to the small of the back; it is also important that she should keep her body, from the waist to the bust, very easy, in no way whatever to be constrained, more especially across her loins. By observing these directions, she will be enabled to accommodate herself without uneasiness to the motions of her horse.

When the upper portion of the body regulates itself by its *elasticity* to the paces of the horse, it has this additional advantage—that, let the animal plunge or struggle as he may (so that the rider keeps her knee immoveable in its place, her left foot in the stirrup, with the toe turned in, which eminently assists her seat and balance), the rider, as long as she preserves her presence of mind, and overcomes any approach to nervousness, cannot be unseated.

The arms should hang *perfectly* independent of the body, from the shoulders near the sides, but *yet free* from having a constrained appearance;

DIAGRAM 2.

LADIES POSITION ON THE SADDLE.

Fig. 1. *Fig.* 2.

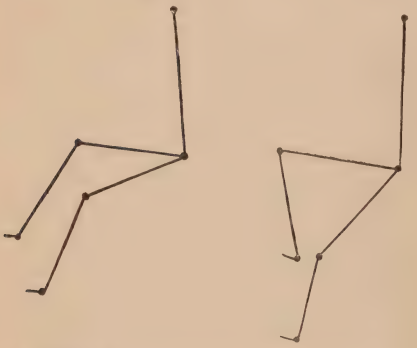


Fig. 1 represents the general seat of Ladies on their Saddles.

Fig. 2 shows the position of a Lady when mounted according to Mr. Wayte's method of tuition; by it a firmer seat is gained in the saddle; consequently, it is *more secure* than Figure 1, being also more graceful and elegant in appearance, and giving the rider a superior command over her horse, and *obviating* the danger of the habit skirt becoming *entangled* in the horse's legs.

then, as to the legs, the right leg, from the hip to the knee, should be kept down in the saddle, and as far as it possibly can without moving, the obtaining *of which* will be materially assisted by drawing the heel backwards. The left leg must hang steady, *not* by any means to rest its weight in the stirrup, as in consequence of the muscles of the leg being round, the foot will naturally turn outward, causing a wavering, tottering seat, inclining the body too much out of the balance, and giving a disunited motion to the horse, and an ungraceful, deformed appearance to the rider. To prevent this, the knee must be kept firmly pressed to the saddle, and, as I have before remarked, by depressing the heel, the toe will be naturally turned in. In obtaining a proper position in the saddle, much will depend upon the proper adjustment of

THE STIRRUP.

The position of the foot in the stirrup is of great importance; upon it depends much keeping the

correct balance of the body on the horse, which consists in sitting perfectly erect and square, and preserving a steady position in the saddle. In fitting the stirrup, the lady ought to have her length correctly arranged, which is done in the following manner.

She must allow her stirrup leg to hang quite free from the hip joint, bending the knee slightly, and with the toes raised and turned in towards the horse's side; then keep the foot fixed as immoveable as possible in the stirrup, allowing the pressure alone to come from the toes to the bridge of the foot, which will have the effect of giving the indispensable elasticity and regularity of movement of the body in the horse's quickened paces. The *length* of the stirrup must be made a matter of *importance*, as on it, in a great measure, *depends* the steady, firm seat.

If *too long*, in her endeavours to retain her foot in the stirrup, her weight must preponderate on the left side; and, if *too short*, it must necessarily give a rolling motion to the body, destructive alike

to grace, elegance, and security of seat, preventing the rider seating herself sufficiently back in her saddle.

On the reins, &c. (vide p. 68).
Holding the reins in one hand (vide p. 69).
Using both hands (vide p. 71).
Riding on one rein (vide p. 71).
The whip (vide p. 72).

DIRECTIONS FOR THE BRIDLE HAND.

The motion of the hand should be confined to *the wrist*, as in piano-forte playing—the action to come from *it alone;* by the management of the reins, in concert with the required yielding or retraction of the wrists, the horse is guided in his paces. By this mode, the sensibility and goodness of his mouth are preserved, the beauty of his action and the steadiness and security of his paces, together with the safety of his rider; the degree of command which the animal can be placed under

entirely depends on the degree of *proficiency* acquired in this branch by the pupil.

FOR GUIDING.

There are four motions requisite in guiding the horse.

When requiring to go FORWARD, lengthen the reins and give the horse liberty. For that purpose the hand must be guided by the action of the wrist, at the same time gently applying the whip. Here it is proper to remark, never suffer the bridle hand (left) to become inactive; but by practice endeavour to understand the art of *feeling the horse's mouth;* should the bridle hand *not* be kept in constant use, this will never come easy to the rider—hence the hand will be unsteady and the horse will become the same.

To go BACKWARD, the reins must be shortened a little, the back of the hand turned down, the little finger next the body; the weight of the rider

should be thrown back, with the little finger slightly pulled in towards the waist, then the horse will readily step back.

To turn TO THE RIGHT, the hand must be turned upwards, which will direct the little finger to the right; throw the balance of the body into the turn by inclining the bust to the right, and applying the whip, which will cause the horse to move forward as he turns, obey the hand and cross his legs one over the other correctly.

To turn TO THE LEFT, the hand must be turned down, so that the little finger may be directed to the left; keep the bust also turned to the left, and the hand up, with the left heel applied to his side and the whip to his right shoulder.

DISMOUNTING.

There is a little tact necessary for a lady in dismounting, in order that she may avoid the inelegance and *exposé* attendant upon (as it were) being

lifted from her saddle in a groom's arms,—the which, cannot be done without a liability to accident, and at the same time giving license to a vulgar class, who are sure to offer *their vulgar comments* amongst their associates.

Previously to her dismounting, the groom must stand by the horse's head, holding the reins close to the bit, to keep him as steady as possible. The lady having removed her foot from the stirrup and passed her hand down to free her skirt, &c. from all chance of catching to her saddle or stirrup, should remove her knee out of the crutch (at the same time taking the necessary precaution for disengaging the habit from that side). Then holding the crutch with her right hand (the rein hanging loosely on the thumb), and now placing her left hand on her assistant's right arm, near the wrist, (his arm being extended for the purpose,) she must spring lightly and clear from her saddle, slightly inclining her bust towards the horse's shoulder; by this method, she will quite disengage herself, and descend gently to the ground.

MAXIMS TO BE ATTENDED TO.

Be particular to avoid nervousness and hurry, either in mounting or dismounting.

Take time, and have everything correctly arranged before starting; this precaution will prevent many accidents that frequently occur from being in too great a hurry to start off.

Arrange the habit, length of stirrup, and have the saddle-bands and buckles properly examined before the journey is begun, to prevent the necessity of having to stop on the road.

Be careful to keep the hand active, and watch the movements of the horse; by this means, the rider will never be thrown off her guard, and will be prepared for every emergency.

Keep the horse's mouth always in play, so as to keep up the fine feeling of the mouth, so requisite to the horse's correct guidance.

Never allow the reins to hang loosely on the horse's neck, crutch or pummel of the saddle.

This over-sight frequently causes fatal and serious accidents.

Always use double reins, as if one becomes useless from accident there is still another to rely upon.

Never use Habit Brooches.

At all times, trust to your reins for security *in cases of danger*, instead of grasping the pummel of your saddle.

In conclusion, let me impress upon my fair readers to remember, that *the elegant* and accomplished *equestrian* becomes *the* equally *graceful pedestrian*, from the improved carriage consequent upon the former accomplishment.

To become an elegant pedestrian is no mean task, nor is it one easy to acquire, though its acquisition is of the utmost importance, most particularly to a lady. We often see the most perfect figure rendered quite common-place by a bad carriage, and a shuffling gait. This can be entirely over-

come by attention to the following directions, which apply equally to both accomplishments, Walking and Riding:—Keep the bust and head erect, the shoulders well thrown back, and allow the motive power to proceed *alone* from the hips. Perseverance in these slight directions will soon give the required graceful and healthy carriage.

PART IV.

ON THE PACES OF THE HORSE.

THE WALK.

Of all the paces the walk is the easiest to the rider, *provided* he sits in the centre of his horse's back, as it consists of an alternate depression of the fore and hind quarters. The motion may be compared to the vibration of the beam of a pair of scales. The walk should be light, firm and quick; the knee moderately bent, the leg should appear suspended in the air for an instant, and the foot fall perfectly flat to the ground.

It is very difficult to confine young and mettle-

some horses to a walk ; great temper, with a firm, light hand, are requisite to accomplish this. Whenever such horses change to a trot, they should be stopped for a minute or two, and then allowed to proceed again. If the animal carries his head well, ride him with a moderately loose rein, raising the hand when he tries to break into a trot.

THE TROT.

The trot is generally considered and has, in fact, always been allowed by professionals to be the only just and true basis upon which equestrians can ever attain a secure and graceful seat on horseback, combined with confidence and firmness, as the rider has more control over the motions of the body in that pace than any other : in it, the body is brought well down into the saddle by its own weight, and finds the true equilibrium. *Whenever* you wish to make your horse trot, ease your reins and press the calves of your legs gently ; when the horse is at a trot,

feel both your reins, raise his forehand, and keep his haunches well under him.

TO CANTER.

You must have a light and firm feeling of both reins to raise his forehand; a pressure of the calves of both legs to bring his quarters well under him, at the same time having a double feeling of the inward rein, and a stronger pressure of the outward leg to cause him to strike off in unison.

Horses should at all times be taught to lead off with *either* fore leg, as by it the legs will not be so much shook, especially the off fore leg (the leg with which the horse most generally leads off), which must be the case when he is *continually throwing* the greater part of his weight upon the *leading* fore leg as it comes to the ground, causing generally lameness of the foot, and strains of the back sinews of the legs. When thoroughly taught to change the legs, he is better enabled to perform long journeys with facility and comfort both to himself and rider.

TURNING.

In the turn, either to the right or left, the reins must be held quite even, so that the horse may immediately be made to feel the aid of the hands; the rider must then have a double feeling on the inward rein, retaining at the same time a steady feeling on the outward, the horse being kept up to the hand by a pressure of both legs, the outward leg being the stronger.

REINING BACK.

To practise frequently reining back will be of great service to both the rider and horse. By it, the hand is rendered firm and materially strengthened; and that pliancy of the wrist, so requisite in the management of the horse, is gained, at the same time causing the body of the rider to be well thrown back, the chest expanded, and thus consequently an erect position is preserved in the saddle. The carriage of the horse becomes greatly im-

proved, his head better carried, likewise compelling him to work correctly upon his haunches.

In reining back you require a light and steady feeling of both reins, and a pressure of both legs, raising his forehand and keeping his haunches well under him, easing your reins after every step and then feeling them again.

STOPPING.

No persons can ever be considered to be thoroughly taught until they are quite *au fait* in the stop. It is of much greater importance than it is generally thought to be. It not only shows the horse to be well under command, more especially when the rider is able to do so instantaneously and in a very short space, but it is also the means of escaping very many serious accidents arising from carriages or horsemen, &c., crossing before, suddenly pulling up, or turning quickly round a corner, and coming quite unawares upon the rider.

Care must at all times be taken to make the

stop steadily, and not by a sudden jerk upon the bit, as by that means the horse may, if tender-mouthed, be made to rear and plunge violently; but by stopping him firmly, and having his haunches brought well under him. To make your horse stop properly, the bridle-hand being kept low, with the knuckles turned down, and the body well thrown back, you must have a steady feeling of both reins, and closing both legs for a moment, so as to keep the horse well up to hand; the hands must always be eased as soon as halted.

LEAPING.

Much depends upon the manner of bringing a horse up to the leap; he should be taken up steadily and straight to it, with the reins held in each hand; the hands must be kept low, with the curb-rein held loosely. The rider's body should be kept erect, pliant and easy in his movements. As the horse is in the act of rising in his leap and coming again to the ground, the body must be thrown well back. The setting of

a leap well is solely dependent upon the proper balance of the body, the weight being thereby correctly thrown into the saddle so as to meet the horse's movements.

THE STANDING LEAP.

Take him up at an animated pace, halt him with a light hand upon his haunches. When rising at the leap, the rider should only just feel the reins, so as to prevent them becoming slack when he springs forward, yielding them without reserve, as at that time he must be left quite at liberty. As the horse's hind feet come to the ground again, collect him, resume your usual position, moving on at the same pace. The body must be inclined forward as the horse rises, and backward as he alights.

FLYING LEAP.

The horse must not be hurried, but taken up at a brisk pace, with a light and steady hand, keeping his head perfectly steady and straight to the

bar or fence. The position is the same as in the standing leap; the aids required are the same as those for making a horse canter. If held too tight in the act of leaping, the horse is very likely to overstrain himself and fall. If hurried at a leap, it sometimes causes him to miss his distance, and spring either too soon or too late. His pace must be so regulated that he may take his spring distant enough, proportionate to its height, so that he may clear it. When nearing the leap, the rider must sit perfectly square, erect, pliant and easy in the act of leaping; on arriving at the opposite side of the leap, throw the body well back, and again have your horse well in hand.

SWIMMING A HORSE.

The rider, having taken up and crossed his stirrups, thereby preventing the horse from in any way entangling himself or his rider, should he commence plunging or struggling in the water, must *quite* loosen the curb-reins, and scarcely

feel the bridoon; and any attempt to guide the horse must be by the slightest touch of the rein possible. He must also have his chest as much over the horse's withers as he can, at the same time throwing his weight forward, and holding the mane, to prevent the rush of water carrying him backwards.

Should the horse appear distressed, a person who is unable to swim may with great safety hold firmly by the mane, and throw himself out flat on the water; by that means he will relieve the animal from his weight, and on the horse coming once more into his depth, he may again recover his position in the saddle. Before concluding this portion of the work, I would wish to offer a few remarks on a very dangerous vice—

BOLTING, OR RUNNING AWAY.

This dangerous habit is to be found very generally in nervous and young horses, who at the least noise become alarmed and try to escape;

quickening their pace, they break from a trot to a gallop, until, terrified with the sound of wheels behind them, or the impotent struggles of their rider to stop them, they become maddened with fear and terror, and dash on in their perilous and mad career.

Finding they have once succeeded in their efforts, they immediately, on any recurrence of noise or cause of affright, pursue the same course, to the very great peril of life and limb of the rider, or driver, or whatever may unfortunately chance to meet them in their impetuous flight. The habit at length becomes confirmed, and it is alone by the utmost nerve and coolness, tempered with firmness and kindness, that we may hope eventually to overcome the disease.

When a horse is known to have a disposition for running away, a firm, steady hold should always be kept over him, at the same time speaking soothingly and encouragingly, yet, at the least symptom, checking him sharply and scolding him, and never allowing him to increase his pace of his

own accord, as fear will oftentimes cause him at length to break into a gallop.

Either in riding or driving, the reins should be held firmly, and the horse had well in hand, but not by a constant pull, to deaden the sensitiveness of his mouth, taking care occasionally to ease the reins and keep the mouth alive by a gentle motion of the bit, only just loosening them so that on the least symptom of bolting they may be caught up quickly, and the horse be well placed under command without frightening him. By a little judicious management in this way, and with patience and kindness tempered with firmness, a cure will in most cases be completed in a short time.

In riding or driving horses addicted to running away, *be very particular* that *all* portions of your horse furniture *be sound and strong*, more *especially the reins and bits.*

PART V.

ANECDOTES ILLUSTRATIVE OF THE MEMORY, SAGACITY, AFFECTION, ETC. OF THE HORSE.

"Gamarra is a noble steed;
Strong, black and of the desert breed.
.....
.....
He, who hath no peer, was born
Here, upon a red March morn;
But his famous fathers dead
Were Arabs all, and Arab bred;
And the last of that great line
Trod like one of race divine!

And yet he was but friend to one,
Who fed him at the set of sun
By some lone fountain fringed with green;
With him, a roving Bedouin,
He lived (none else would he obey
Through all the hot Arabian day,)
And died, untamed, upon the sands
Where Balkh amidst the desert stands!"

BARRY CORNWALL.

MEMORY AND DISCIPLINE OF THE TROOP HORSE.

"The Tyrolese, in one of their insurrections in 1809, took fifteen Bavarian horses, and mounted them with so many of their own men; but, in a skirmish with a squadron of the same regiment, no sooner did these horses hear the trumpet and recognise the uniform of their old masters, than they set off at full gallop, and carried their riders, in spite of all their efforts, into the Bavarian ranks, where they were made prisoners."

AFFECTION OF AN ARAB FOR HIS HORSE.

"The whole stock of an Arab of the Desert consisted of a very beautiful mare. The French consul offered to purchase her for his sovereign, Louis XIV. The Arab would have rejected the offer at once with scorn and indignation, but he was miserably poor. He had no means of supplying his most urgent wants, or procuring the least and barest necessaries of life, still he hesitated; he had scarcely a rag to cover him, and his wife and

children were starving. The sum offered was great; it would provide him and his family with food for life. At length, and reluctantly, he consented; he brought the mare to the consul's dwelling—he dismounted,—he stood leaning upon her,—he looked now at the gold and then at his favourite. When he had put the money in his bag, he looked wistfully upon his mare,—he sighed,—he wept.

"'To whom is it,' said he, 'I am going to yield thee up? To Europeans, who will tie thee close—who will beat thee—who will render thee miserable. Shall it be possible, that after having bred thee up in my house with so much care, and after having had so much service from thee, I should be delivering thee up in slavery to the Franks for thy reward? No! never. Return with me, my beauty, my jewel, and rejoice the hearts of my children.' As he pronounced these words, he dashed down the money, sprang upon her back, and was out of sight in a minute."

MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS,

TO

HER HORSE,

ON HER FLIGHT FROM THE FIELD AFTER THE BATTLE OF LANGSIDE.

Fleet as the wind, my bonny steed, oh, bear me far away!
The light of royal Stuart's line is lost this fatal day.
The stalwart forms and trusty arms in death I've seen laid low;
Bear me but hence, my bonny steed, and I care not where we go.

Shades of my fathers! had you seen sedition walk this land;
A fugitive, its wretched queen, with scarce one loyal hand
To snatch old Scotland's tottering crown from ruin and decay!
Yes, yes, it is a burning thought—Away, my steed, away!

'Tis said, thy race, from Eastern lands and burning skies, came here
To vie, on Northern barren strands, the fleetness of their deer.
If thou be one of that famed line, upon this hapless day,
Bear from her kingdom and her throne thy mistress queen away.

"Her kingdom and her throne!" Alas, they now are but a name!
Rebellion 'gainst her rightful lord shall long be Scotland's shame.
Oh! haply had I but been left 'mongst loyal hearts to stay,
I need not with these burning tears bid thee, my steed, "away!"

My dignity, my crown, farewell! See, see, they 're spurring on!
My royal person's now the prize, 'twere time that we were gone.
They come, they come! My bonny steed, let Mary Stuart find,
That thou, dumb thing, of *all* she lov'd, was the trustiest, the most kind!

S. C. W.

AFFECTION AND SAGACITY OF A HORSE.

The O'Moore, a powerful prince in Leinster, was engaged in a long and devastating war against the united southern princes of that time. He and his opponents at last met in a pitched battle, wherein the O'Moore was worsted and obliged to fly. After a long and hot pursuit, he escaped across the Barrow into the county Kildare, and coming to a wood, being faint and weary, (having considerably distanced his pursuers,) he lay down to sleep. However, his enemies still continued on his track, and entered the same wood where the O'Moore was asleep.

His horse heard them coming, and, unable to make his master sensible of his peril, took him by the collar of his coat, and shook him until he thoroughly awoke, and his own ears made him aware of his approaching danger. The O'Moore mounted, and the faithful animal fled at his utmost speed, carrying him safely into the county Dublin,

where, utterly exhausted, the poor creature fell dead.

It is needless to add, the O'Moore escaped, the county Dublin being neutral ground. The peasantry of the county Kildare point out two marks on the rocky bank of the river asserted by tradition to have been made by the hoofs of the horse striking against the stone in his leap across it. (Vide *Keating's History of Ireland.*)

AN ARAB'S CUNNING.

A poor Arab of Hamah was possessed of a very valuable horse, one of the purest breed, and fearing lest the governor should be tempted to take from him his favorite, fed him for a fortnight exclusively upon roast pork, which so excited his spirit and mettle that he became absolutely unmanageable, and no longer an object of desire to the governor.

EXTRAORDINARY MEMORY OF A HORSE.

A gentleman had occasion to ride thirty miles from home on a young horse which he had bred, and which had never before been in that part of the country. The road was difficult to find, but at length, by dint of inquiry, he reached the place he sought.

Two years after, he had again occasion to take the same journey. No one rode this horse but himself, and he was perfectly assured that the animal had not been in that direction since his former visit. He was benighted before he reached the end of his journey, and he had to cross three or four miles of moor and common.

Rain fell in torrents. "Well," thought he, "here I am, far from my home. I can neither see nor do I know one inch of my road. I have heard much of the memory of the horse, it is my only hope now—so there" (throwing the reins on his horse's neck) "go on." In half an hour he was safe at his friend's gate.

HORSE'S DISLIKE OF A GROOM.

A gentleman known to the author has a beautiful bay mare, which he has had for very many years. This mare would invariably kick at and try to bite a particular groom, from his having severely beaten her when cleaning her in the stall, the man being intoxicated at the time. To any other person the mare was most docile; so much so that a child might safely play with her.

The same gentleman has a horse (now six years old), which as a colt was remarkably affectionate (at that time belonging to the author), and would come up to any one to be fondled and played with. Now, when turned into the meadow, this very animal will run open-mouthed at any person, and try to worry and kick whoever may attempt to catch him, from having been cruelly ill-treated by a lad who was sent after him for that purpose; yet will this horse, immediately on seeing his master, or even hearing his voice, run up to him,

caress him, and allow him to do whatever he pleases.

ATTACHMENT BETWEEN A HORSE AND TERRIER DOG.

Henry James Blake, Esq., of Galway, had a mare called "Bess," who formed an attachment to a white Scotch terrier. On Bess's return to her stable, she invariably stooped down to kiss "Ranger," which mark of attention Ranger returned by jumping up and kissing her, and then turning round, wagging his tail, barking and running about her, occasionally jumping up to her mouth and licking it. When Bess lay down in her stall, Ranger placed himself across her back, while Bess turned her head round as far as she possibly could, so as to place it on Ranger, and if her nose touched him she was satisfied. No entreaties or inducements would get the mare to leave the yard unless Ranger escorted her to the gate.

AN ARAB'S PRIDE.

The Rev. V. Munro, in his "Summer's Ramble in Syria," relates that on his visit to the river Jordan, one of the Arab escort, "a great ruffian," was mounted on a white mare of extreme beauty. The large fiery eye gleamed from the edge of an open forehead, and her exquisite little head was finished with a pouting lip and expanded nostril. Her ribs, thighs and shoulders were models of make, with more bone than commonly belongs to the Syrian Arab; and her stately step received additional dignity from that aristocratic set on and carriage of the tail which is the infallible indication of good family.

"Having inquired her price," the narrator goes on to say, "I offered the sum, whereupon the Arab asked one-third more. After much bating and debating I acceded, and he immediately stepped back in the same proportion as before. (This is invariably the practice with the Arabs, as unless at least two days have been occupied

in the agreeing to terms they imagine more might have been obtained,—fly from the bargain, and increase their demand.) I therefore discontinued my attempts to deal.

"The Arab said he loved his mare better than his own life; that money was of no use to him; but that when mounted upon her he felt rich as a pasha. Shoes and stockings he had none; and the total value of his dress and accoutrements might be calculated at something under seventeen pence sterling."

THE ARAB'S FAREWELL TO HIS HORSE.

By the Hon. Mrs. Norton.

I.

My beautiful! my beautiful! that standest meekly by
With thy proudly arched and glossy neck, and dark and fiery eye,
Fret not to roam the desert now; with all thy winged speed—
I may not mount on thee again—thou'rt sold, my Arab steed!
Fret not with that impatient hoof—snuff not the breezy wind—
The further that thou flee'st now, so far am I behind;
The stranger hath thy bridle-rein—thy master hath *his* gold—
Fleet-limbed and beautiful! farewell!—thou'rt sold, my steed—
thou'rt sold!

II.

Farewell! those free untired limbs, full many a mile must roam,
To reach the chill and wintry sky, which clouds the stranger's home;
Some other hand, less fond, must now thy corn and bed prepare;
The silky mane I twined once must be another's care!
The morning sun shall dawn again, but never more with thee
Shall I gallop through the desert paths, where we were wont to be;
Evening shall darken o'er the earth; and on the sandy plain
Some other steed, with slower step, shall bear me home again.

III.

Yes, thou must go! the wild free breeze, the brilliant sun and sky,
Thy master's home—from all of these, my exiled one must fly.
Thy proud dark eye will grow less proud, thy step become less fleet,
And vainly shalt thou arch thy neck, thy master's hand to meet.
Only in sleep shall I behold that dark eye, glancing bright,
Only in sleep shall hear again that step so firm and light!
And when I raise my dreaming arm to check or cheer thy speed,
Then must I starting wake to feel—thou'rt *sold*, my Arab steed!

IV.

Ah! rudely then, unseen by me, some cruel hand may chide,
Till foam-wreaths lie, like crested waves, along thy panting sides;
And the rich blood that is in thee swells, in thy indignant pain,
Till careless eyes, which rest on thee, may count each starting vein.
Will they abuse thee? If I thought—but no, it cannot be—
Thou art so swift, yet easy curbed; so gentle, yet so free—
And yet, if haply when thou'rt gone, my lonely heart should yearn—
Can the hand which casts thee from it now, command thee to return?

V.

Return!—alas! my Arab steed! what shalt thy master do,
When thou, who wert his all of joy, hast vanished from his view?
When the dim distance cheats mine eye, and through the gathering tears
Thy bright form, for a moment, like the false mirage, appears.
Slow and unmounted will I roam, with weary foot alone,
Where with fleet step, and joyous bound, thou oft hast borne me on;
And sitting down by that green well, I'll pause and sadly think,
"It was *here* he bowed his glossy neck, when last I saw him drink."

VI.

When last I saw thee drink!—Away! the fever'd dream is o'er;
I could not live a day and *know* that we should meet no more!
They tempted me, my beautiful! for hunger's power is strong,
They tempted me, my beautiful! but I have loved too long.
Who said that I had given thee up?—Who said that thou wert sold?
'Tis false, 'tis false, my Arab steed! I fling them back their gold!
Thus, *thus*, I leap upon thy back, and scour the distant plains;
Away! who overtakes us now shall claim *thee* for his pains!

STRANGE ATTACHMENT BETWEEN A HORSE AND HEN.

The late Daniel O'Connor Doyle, Esq., of Castletown, County Kilkenny, had a grey saddle horse that formed a remarkable attachment to a

speckled hen, and which affection was ardently reciprocated. This horse, on his return to his stable, used to put his head down to kiss the hen, and rub his muzzle over her back; which done, she would fly up to his head as if to return it; and when in the stable or yard he would carefully pick his steps, looking down and around him as if afraid of treading upon his little favorite. The hen invariably went to roost on his back, or if he were out, would roost till his return on his manger.

COURAGEOUS FEAT OF SIR ROBERT GILLESPIE ON HIS GREY ARABIAN.

Sir Robert being present on the race-course of Calcutta during one of the great Hindoo festivals, when many thousands were assembled to witness all sorts of shows, was suddenly alarmed by the shrieks and commotion of the crowd. On being informed that a tiger had escaped from his keepers, he immediately called for his horse, and, with no other weapon than a boar spear, snatched

from a bystander, he rode to attack this formidable enemy.

The tiger was probably amazed at finding himself in the middle of such a number of shrieking beings, flying from him in all directions; but the moment he perceived Sir Robert, he crouched in the attitude of preparing to spring upon him; and that instant the gallant soldier passed his horse in a leap over the tiger's back, and struck the spear through his spine.

It was a feat requiring the utmost conceivable unity of purpose and movement on the part of horse and rider, almost realizing for the moment the fable of the Centaur. Had either swerved or wavered for a second, both had been lost. *But the brave steed knew his rider.**

A CHARGER'S SENSITIVENESS.

A favorite black charger, bred at the Cape of Good Hope, the property of the late Sir Robert Gillespie, who fell at the storming of Kolunga, and which had been taken by him to India, was

* Vide "Horse and his Rider."

at the sale of his effects competed for by several officers of his division, and finally knocked down to the privates of the 8th Dragoons, who contributed their prize money, to the amount of £500 sterling, to retain this commemoration of their late commander.

The charger was always led at the head of the regiment on a march, and at the station of Cawnpore was usually indulged with taking his ancient post at the colour stand, where the salute of passing squadrons was given at drill and on reviews.

When the regiment was ordered home, the funds of the privates running low, he was bought for the same sum by a gentleman, who provided funds and a paddock for him, where he might end his days in comfort; but, when the corps had marched, and the sound of the trumpet had departed, he refused to eat; and, on the first opportunity, being led out to exercise, he broke from his groom, and galloping to his ancient

station on the parade, after neighing aloud, dropped down and died.

PECULIAR AVERSION OF A MARE.

Professor Rodet of Toulouse narrates the following:—A Piedmontese officer possessed a beautiful mare, and one that would have been in all respects serviceable, but for a peculiarity that rendered her exceedingly dangerous; that was a decided aversion to paper, which she recognised the moment she saw it; and, even in the dark, if two leaves were rubbed together. The effect produced by the sight or sound of it was so prompt and violent, that she several times unhorsed her rider.

She had not the slighest fear of objects that would terrify most horses. She regarded not the music of the band, the whistling of the balls, the roaring of the cannon, the fires of the bivouacs, or the glittering of arms. The confusion and noise of an engagement made no impression on her, the sight of no other white object offended

her. No other sound moved her, but the view, or the rustling of paper, roused her to madness.

STRANGE ANTIPATHY OF A MARE.

A mare was perfectly manageable, and betrayed no antipathy to human beings, to animals of other kinds, or to horses, except they were of a light grey colour; but, the moment she saw a light grey horse, she rushed towards it and attacked it with the greatest fury. It was the same at all times, and everywhere.

She was all that could be wished on the parade, on the rout, in the ranks, in action, and in the stable; but, if she once caught a glimpse of a grey or white horse, she rested not until she had thrown her rider or broken her halter, and then she rushed on the object of her dislike with the utmost fury. She generally contrived to seize the animal by the head or throat, and held him so fast that she would suffocate him, if he were not promptly released from her bite.*

* Youatt on the Horse.

CURE OF A NERVOUS MARE.

In 1844, in passing through Oxford, I casually heard of a fine mare being for sale at one of the livery stables; and as the coachman remarked "she war to be sell'd terrible cheap," being in want of a match horse, I was induced to go and see her. She was a very handsome thoroughbred brown mare, fifteen hands three inches high, six years old, and very high couraged, with splendid action.

I bought her, and on her coming up to town I was prevented (from illness) riding her for several days. On my attempting to mount her, I found very great difficulty in making her stand quietly. Immediately on my attempting to place my foot in the stirrup, she would either back or rear, yet in her stable she would let me do so quietly, and was there remarkably gentle and tractable. On making inquiries, I learned that she had been condemned as an incurable kicker and vicious in mounting,—this was the cause of her being sold so very cheap.

I determined to try and cure her. I commenced by invariably feeding her myself, by which means I made her accustomed to me and to know my voice. I found her to be of an extremely nervous temperament. This had been mistaken for vice, and she was treated as if wilfully vicious. At length, she became quite familiar with me, so much so that on hearing my voice, or even my footsteps, before I opened her door, having kept her in a large loose box, she would neigh with pleasure, and appeared ready and anxious to be fondled.

To such a pitch had her vice of kicking attained through harsh usage before I purchased her, that at times it was unsafe to go near her, and, when mounted, a cross word would cause her to kick and plunge violently. On my mounting her the first time, riding through Hammersmith and scolding her, she began her old tricks, losing three of her shoes, and covering me with mud from head to foot, at the same time lashing my back with her tail.

I then determined no one should mount her but myself; and, by dint of kindness, yet firmness, I completely cured her of her nervousness. She also began to have confidence in me, but it was a very long time before she would let me mount her with either whip or spurs. In the course of three months, she was entirely cured, and had become so quiet that the most timid person might ride or mount her. She is now in the possession of and is constantly ridden by an elderly gentleman, who has been heard to declare that no sum of money would induce him to part with her. She carries a lady, and goes quiet in harness.

FIDELITY OF A HORSE.

Professor Kruger, of Halle, gives the following. "A friend of his, riding home through a wood on a dark night, struck his head against the branch of a tree, and fell from his horse stunned. The horse immediately returned to the house they had just left, and which was now closed and the

family in bed, and pawed at the door until some one rose and opened it. He turned about, and the man, wondering at the affair, followed him. The faithful and intelligent animal led him to the place where his master lay senseless on the ground."

THE ARAB, HIS MARE, AND THE FRENCH ENVOY.

"When the envoy, returning from his former mission, was encamped near Bagdad, an Arab rode a bright bay mare of extraordinary shape and beauty before his tent until he attracted his attention. On being asked if he would sell her—'What will you give me?' was the reply. 'That depends upon her age—I suppose she is past five?' 'Guess again," said he.—'Four?' 'Look at her mouth,' said the Arab, with a smile.

"On examination she was found to be rising three; this, from her size and her symmetry, greatly enhanced her value. The envoy said, 'I will give you fifty tomans' (a coin of nearly the value of one pound sterling). 'A little more, if

you please,' said the fellow, apparently entertained. 'Eighty—one hundred!' He shook his head, and smiled. The offer at last came to two hundred tomans.

"'Well,' said the Arab, 'you need not tempt me any further—it is of no use. You are a rich elchie (nobleman); you have fine horses, camels and mules, and I am told you have lots of silver and gold — Now,' added he, 'you want my mare, but you shall not have her for all you have got.'"

SAGACITY OF A HORSE.

Cunningham, in his valuable account of New South Wales, vol. i. p. 289, says—"A friend of mine, in the habit of riding a good deal, found that whenever he approached a gully his sagacious horse invariably opposed his wishes to cross at the particular spot he had been accustomed to, always endeavouring to lead off to another part of the gully, where no passage was known to his rider.

"Resolving to see whither the cunning rogue would go, he gave him the rein, and soon found himself carried over the gully by a rout he had never before followed. Still, however, thinking that the former way was the nearest, he was curious enough to have both measured, when he found the horse's judgment correct, that way being the nearest by several hundred yards."

THE ARAB SHEICK AND THE LOVER.

An Arab sheick, or chief, who lived within fifty miles of Bussorah, had a favorite breed of horses. He lost one of his best mares, and could not for a long time discover whether she was stolen, or had strayed. Some time after, a young man of a different tribe, who had long wished to marry his daughter, but had always been rejected by the sheick, obtained the lady's consent and eloped with her. The sheick and his followers pursued, but the lover and his mistress, mounted on one horse, made a wonderful march and escaped.

The old sheick swore that the fellow was either mounted upon the devil, or the favorite mare he had lost. After his return he found the latter was the case—that the lover was the thief of his mare as well as his daughter, and that he stole the one to carry off the other. The chief was quite delighted to think he had not been beaten by a mare of another breed, and was easily reconciled to the young man, in order that he might recover the mare, which appeared an object about which he was more solicitous than his daughter.

CHILLABY, THE MAD ARABIAN, AND THE LAMB.

Chillaby, called from his great ferocity the Mad Arabian, whom one only of the grooms dared to approach, and who savagely tore to pieces the image of a man that was purposely placed in his way, had his peculiar attachment to a lamb, who used to employ himself for many an hour in butting away the flies from him.

THE GODOLPHIN ARABIAN AND THE CAT.

An intimate friendship subsisted between the Godolphin Arabian and a cat, which either sat on his back when he was in the stable, or nestled as closely to him as she could. At his death, which took place in 1753, at the age of 29, the cat refused her food, and pined away, and soon died.

Mr. Holcroft gives a similar relation of the attachment between a racehorse and a cat, which the courser would take in his mouth and place in his manger, and on his back, without hurting her.

The following anecdotes are from an amusing work entitled "The Horse and his Rider."

MARRIAGE CEREMONY AMONG THE CALMUCKS.

The ceremony of marriage among the Kalmucks is performed on horseback. A girl is first mounted, and rides off at full speed. Her lover pursues, and, if he overtakes her, she becomes his wife on the spot, and then returns

with him to his tent. But it sometimes happens that the woman does not wish to marry the person by whom she is pursued, in which case she will not suffer him to overtake her; and Dr. Clarke was assured that no instance occurs of a Calmuck girl being thus caught unless she has a partiality for her pursuer. If she dislikes him, she rides, in English sporting phrase, "neck or nothing," until she has completely escaped, or until her pursuer's horse is tired out, leaving her at liberty to return, to be afterwards chased by some more favoured admirer.

ANECDOTE OF AN INDIAN WARRIOR.

Mr. Darwin relates the following:—At Cholechel, Bahia-Blanca, General Rosa's troops encountered a tribe of Indians, of whom they killed twenty or thirty. The cacique escaped in a manner which surprised every one. The chief Indians have always one or two picked horses, which they keep ready for any urgent occasion.

On one of these, an old white horse, the

cacique sprang, taking with him his little son; the horse had neither saddle nor bridle. To avoid the shots, the Indian rode in the peculiar method of his nation, viz. with an arm round the horse's neck, and one leg only on its back. Thus hanging on one side, he was seen patting the horse's head and talking to him. The pursuers urged every effort in the chase; the commandant three times changed his horse, but all in vain; the old Indian father and his son escaped and were free.

What a fine picture one can form in one's mind —the naked bronze-like figure of the old man with his little boy, riding like a Mazeppa on the white horse, thus leaving far behind him the host of his pursuers!

THE GUACHOS.

The Guachos, or Guassos, as they are called in Chili, are remarkable for their expertness in handling the lasso. Their skill in the use of this instrument is extraordinary, and it was a weapon of

great power in their hands during the war of independence. They never failed to dismount cavalry with it, or to throw down the horses of those who came within their reach.

There is a well-authenticated story of eight or ten Guachos who had never seen a piece of artillery until one was fired at them in the streets of Buenos Ayres. Notwithstanding the effect of the fire, they gallopped fearlessly up to it, placed their lassos over the cannon, and, by their united strength, fairly overturned it.

GUACHO STRATAGEM.

A number of armed boats were sent to effect a landing at a certain point on the coast, guarded solely by these horsemen. The party in the boats, caring little for an enemy unprovided with fire-arms, rowed confidently along the shore. The Guassos meanwhile were watching their opportunity, and the moment the boats came sufficiently near, dashed into the water, and throwing

their lassos round the necks of the officers, fairly dragged every one of them out of their boats.*

IBRAHIM, THE POOR ARAB.

Ibrahim Abou Vouasses, a poor but worthy Arab, unable to pay a sum of money, 1200 crowns, which he owed, was compelled to allow a merchant of Rama to become partner with him in a valuable mare, called Touysse, of the first noble race. The merchant had her whole genealogy, with her descent (both on the side of her sire and dam) back for 500 years, all from public records.

When the time came, he could not redeem his pledge to this man, and the mare was sold. The price was £300, an enormous sum in that country. Ibrahim went frequently to Rama to inquire after the mare. He would embrace her—wipe her eyes with his handkerchief—rub her with his shirt-sleeves, and give her a thousand benedictions,

* Vide "Horse and his Rider."

during whole hours that he remained talking to her.

"My eyes," would he say to her, "my soul—my heart! must I be so unfortunate as to have thee sold to so many masters and not keep thee myself? I am poor! my antelope. I brought thee up in my dwelling as my child. I did never beat thee nor chide thee, but did cherish thee as the apple of mine eye. I caressed thee in the proudest manner. God preserve thee, my beloved, thou art beautiful, thou art sweet, thou art lovely. God defend thee from envious eyes!" And so he would go on saying a thousand things like these. He then embraced her, kissed her eyes, and went backwards, bidding her the most tender adieus.

MIRACULOUS ESCAPE THROUGH A MARE.

The late Mr. ——, who was deeply implicated in the troubles of '98 in Ireland, and connected with the secret societies of that period, having incurred the hatred (for family reasons) of a

branch of his relatives, a conspiracy was formed to have him murdered, and measures were arranged for consummating the diabolical deed at the time of his return from a dinner that it was ascertained he would attend at a long distance from his own house, and on a particularly dreary and little-frequented road (the Ardee Road, County Kildare). A bend in the road, about midway, was the spot fixed upon for the murder.

Mr. —— was mounted on a young thoroughbred mare, which he usually rode when intending to return late, and which always carried him safely home, and very frequently when he was under the influence of the "rosy god."

The rider had reached the place above noticed, when the animal suddenly gave a tremendous spring forward, and then as suddenly wheeled round and sprang back, continuing her course in a zig-zag manner (in spite of the resistance of her rider) back to the house where he had been dining. On arriving there, he found he had been followed by his two favorite bull-dogs, and which,

on examination, were found to have been dreadfully mangled and gashed about.

Some time after, a man sentenced to death and lying for execution in Naas jail sent for Mr. ——, and confessed to him that he was one of ten men who had been hired to murder him by an apostate of his own family, as he was the obstacle in the way of the reward of that apostacy (his forfeited estates.)

This man stated that three of the party were laid full length in a ditch by the side of the road, four more in the same manner at the other side further on, and the other three stood across the road leading to his own house, so that if he escaped the two ambuscades, his retreat was securely cut off there, and his fate rendered certain. He added that Mr. —— owed his truly miraculous escape to the mare, on seeing them, having sprung across the road forward, and on perceiving the second party bounding back, and by her subsequent extraordinary movements and boundings thoroughly baffling their aim.

ABOU-EL-MARSCH.

The following poem is taken from a story as related by Lamartine, the celebrated French writer, of the above Arab chief, who was taken prisoner by the Pacha's troops while robbing a caravan. "Abou-el hearing his favorite mare neigh, he managed, though bound, to get to her; and she, perceiving his bonds, seized him by his waistband and carried him across the Desert to his tribe, on reaching which she fell dead through exhaustion."

A green shaded spot in the desert was found,
A bright glorious scene from the vastness around;
The broad glaring sun had gone down in the West,
And nature in loveliness sunk to its rest.
The soft silv'ry moon now her light sweetly shed
O'er the tent of the Arab, his home, and his bed.
But the bold robber chief shared not that repose,
He eagerly watcheth th' approach of his foes.
Hark! hark, what was that, 'tis the tinkling of bells,
The caravan's coming, that sound truly tells;
And the murmuring echos, that gently reply,
Seem to send o'er the wild waste the mandate to die.
But the heart and the arm so hostile to men,
The wild Ishmaelite, what thoughts do we ken

Are wreathing around with their hopes and their fears.
Can that heart fill with grief—those dark eyes flow with tears?
Yes! yes! even he has those dear ties of life,
His lone tent holds a cherub, his fond arms a wife;
And he thinks o'er her love thro' years that have flown,
But the tear's dash'd away, and the Bedouin is gone.
How light and merrily he trolls his song,
As on eagle wings he is borne along;
His proud courser's hoof dashing the gold sand away,
Like an elfin king making holiday.
Away and away o'er the desert afar,
With flaming eye and scymitar,
A signal he sends on zephyr's wing borne,
Which the band in glad notes to their chief return.
And the song is sung that bore them light
Through many a glorious scene of fight;
And joyously loud their chorus they sing,
Which has oft made the desert in gladness ring.
"We're sons of the desert, the brave, the free,
From the land of blessed Araby;
Then what care we for the Mussulman's power,
We're the slaves of none for a day or hour."
When the fire-wind blasts with its scorching breath,
Care we for the mandate that hurls us death?
Or the swift monsoon with its burning sea
Of sandy billows; Oh! what care we!
With a prayer to Allah we lay us down,
Scarcely fearing e'en Heaven's frown.
For the sons of the desert, the free, the brave,
Should find in the desert their fitting grave.
Then what care we for the Mussulman's power,
We're slaves of none for a day nor hour.

When the booty is won and the fight is o'er,
We are home on the wings of the wind once more.
Our return then cheer'd with a fond caress
From those who have chosen our tents to bless,
And shared the wild Arab's peace and strife,
And thro' weal and woe are our stars of life.
And the courser that bore us so proudly on—
Our own, our children's, beauteous one—
With head pillow'd soft on each little breast,
Fondly caressing, and as fondly caressed;
As much that household's anxious care,
As the tiniest sleeper that nestles there.
Oh! a wild desert home for the bold, the free,
And the beautiful maids of Araby;
With love in the depths of their burning eyes,
And their breath as sweet as the zephyr's sighs,
That brings on its wings from many lands
Their richest perfumes to these golden sands.
Then what care we for the Mussulman's power,
We're slaves of none for day nor hour.

The caravan neared and the fight began,
Loud rose the shrieks on the midnight air,
As with desperate fury man to man
Mingled, madly fighting everywhere.
And the camels knelt down in mute affright
At the moans of the wounded and dying;
And the sickly rays of the calm moonlight
Showed riderless coursers flying.
There many a head on the sands lay low,
There mingled in death both friend and foe;
And there would the vulture, that sailed on high,
Return when the Pacha's train swept by.

Then right royal the feast of that carrion bird,
A lesson for hate in the bosom stirred.
Oh! the glories of fight how vain are ye!
When for gain!! strength and life doth pass away!!!
The sun arose, and his glorious light
Shone o'er the ghastly scene of fight;
And the crescent-banner waving free
In scornful, triumphant victory.
And he who had led the hardy band
Was a captive, bound for a foreign strand.
There were burning tears on that swarthy cheek,
But the spirit was there which refused to break,
Tho' the heart was bursting .....
Ah! sad and faint is the sinking heart
That must from familiar scenes depart;
And dreary the visions of mem'ry that rise
To the weary sojourner 'neath foreign skies.
Oh! the verdant robe of departed years,
How dim when bathed in a captive's tears!
And the phantoms of all ever lov'd, once our own,
How bitter that waking when their presence is flown!
Yet there are golden dreams in the mourner's slumbers,
Which can break the spell of grief and pain;
And wake again in mem'ry's sweetest numbers,
The flower of hope to bloom again.
He rested too, but not the spirits agony—
For home! with all thy cares and joys, he dream't of thee;
And murmured forth beneath the moon's soft beams,
That which possessed his heart and filled his dreams.
"Farewell to the desert, home of the free,
A bondman I go to captivity;
And oh! bitterly spared for the foeman's slave,
Tho' I fain would have filled a soldier's grave.

This, this was denied,—and, of all alone,
I lived to be the captive one.
Are all 'round sleeping? but alas! these bands—
How powerless are a captive's hands."
Abou-el awakes! and lo! is heaven so kind?
What is that answering neigh thus borne on the wind!
She, she is near, his own, his milk-white steed,
Beauteous descendant of the Prophet's breed.
Joy, joy once more to the captive's mourning heart,
They'll meet again ere they for ever part.
Soon by her side he knelt upon the sands,
In love to bless he raised his pinioned hands;
But all in vain, slavery's bitter brand
Was not more bitter than the victor's band.
"Farewell my beautiful! together no more
We'll scour the sandy desert o'er.
Yet fain I'd caress thee, but who can tell
This anguish? Burst stubborn heart ere
I must say Farewell!"
Missing the fond stroke of a kind master's hands,
The noble creature saw the cruel restraining bands;
Seized 'tween her teeth his waistband, then swifter than the wind,
Left Pacha's troop and all the hostile camp behind.
In a lone, lone tent far, far away,
A mother and wife were singing;
And sad was the plaint of her mournful lay,
For the band of their chief no tidings were bringing.
"Oh! he has fallen in the desert fight!
For he, my beloved, was brave;
And the star of the desert's lonely light,
Shines o'er his lowly grave.
Or a captive is he in some distant land,
Far away from the home of the free;
No longer the chief of a glorious band
In the land of sweet Araby."

Sadly she rose and dried the burning tear,
For though a woman's heart it knew no fear.
Kneeling beside her sleeping son ere they should part to bless,
And give one fond, one long caress,
"Farewell!" she said, "I leave thee, my cherub, here,
To seek through distant lands but *one* more dear.
Ransom him back, sooner than again we'll part,
Had I to give for him the life-blood of this heart.
Farewell, my child, Allah's aid I implore for thee,
Live as thy father did—chief of the wild, the free;
Die as thy father did—if he has died,
On the red field of fight, with glory for his bride!"

. . . . . .

Hark! to the sound of a courser's feet; can this, can this be he?
Returned, thou lovely mourning one, to home, to love and thee.
And why but one—is he pursued and flying for his life?
Does the chief *alone* of all his band return from the strife?
What! could the father of his tribe, the brave Abou-el have flown,
And left his faithful band to fight, to bleed, to *die* alone?
But hush! what's that? another sound, a deep long drawn sigh,
Save Allah, save the faithful steed! must she, oh! must *she* die!
'Tis done—the debt is paid—nature was o'er-wrought.
Clasped to each others heart, they feel e'en *their* love was dearly bought.
'Mid prayers for safe return, and tears for the fallen and the brave,
They laid their own! their beautiful! in her lonely desert grave.

S. C. W.

PART VI.

ADVICE TO PURCHASERS OF HORSES, SADDLERY, &c. &c.

For the advice here offered to purchasers of horses, I am indebted to the valuable assistance of my kind and competent contributors, Mr. Joseph Anderson and Mr. Rice (of steeple-chase celebrity), of Piccadilly, on chargers, hunters, steeple-chasers, and hacks, and to the Messrs. Grey, of Mount Street, Grosvenor Square, and Oxford Street, for harness horses.

Of Mr. Joseph Anderson, comment by me will be superfluous, he being too well known and re-

spected by all classes, and from his fame as a deservedly fortunate owner of several first class steeple-chasers, as also his liberality and kindness to all, and his urbanity; in a word, for his ready and spontaneous assistance to all that will contribute to sporting and public amusement.

MR. ANDERSON'S DESCRIPTION OF A HUNTER TO CARRY FOURTEEN STONE.

Mr. Anderson having been taken a great distance some years ago to see a horse, which, although described as being *first rate*, he found *a brute*, he complained that he ought not to have been put to such trouble; he was thought fastidious, and asked to describe what he did want, which he did as follows:

"He should be a great blood-looking horse, fifteen hands three inches high, have a great deep body on short legs; colour, either a dark brown, a dark chestnut, a good bay, or, above all, a *flea*-bitten grey, with fair-sized clean looking head, one not too short, with large wide nostrils, eyes promi-

nent and snake-looking, and with long transparent ears, showing veins; a neck not too long, and straight, *thin* at the top, but strong and muscular, with a clean throat. Shoulders not too narrow at the top, well grown into the back, with points light, and not too far apart, good muscular arms, great clean knee joints; fore legs so big and flat that you would require both hands to clasp them; deep through the heart; wide back; ribs well out and long; *large* sheathe tail, straight out, and not too thick in the dock. Thighs down to the hocks. Hocks large and clean, with powerful hindlegs, as the action should come from them. Added to which, he should possess the following indispensable accomplishments: Go along a slapping pace, and stay at that pace. Skim ridge and furrow; catch his horses; top a flight of rails, and come well into the next field; charge an ox-fence, go in and out clever; face a brook; swish at a rasper; and, in short, do all that kind of thing,—phrases so plain, intelligible, that it is impossible to mistake their meaning."

MR. RICE ON PARK HACKS, STEEPLE-CHASERS, &c.

Mr. Rice is justly celebrated and admired for his talents either in riding, or driving. In the former for racing, steeple-chasing, hunting, and park riding, at any or all of which he is perfectly "au fait,"—reminding one of the fabled centaur, so truly correct is his seat, that a stretch of fancy might imagine him and his horse an embodiment of each other.

This extreme excellence arises from his perfect knowledge of *when* and *how* to apply the aids of hands, legs, and whip, *tempered* with great *kindness*, determination, and judgment. Of such a rider the horse is soon perfectly aware, knowing as well who he can play upon as a petted child, and never trying resistance when he once knows it to be in vain. Mr. Rice's knowledge is both theoretical and practical; and it is alone by such masters as he that the elegant and skilful equestrian is formed, and, like the inspired artists and sculptors of old, bring out in their full force the

most prominent beauties and features of their subject; in like manner does Mr. Rice, by his consummate scientific knowledge, bring fully before the eye the exquisite qualities of the horse. I shall now proceed in Mr. Rice's words:

"I am afraid there are no rules to guide the purchaser of a horse, except those which experience teaches. Every day I hear it said and proved, that 'horses go well in all shapes.' Were I in search of a horse calculated to make a

LONDON PARK HACK, OR FIRST CHARGER,

I should endeavour to find one of the following description:

"The head should be beautifully shaped; eyes wide apart, large, and expressive of good temper; nostrils large; mouth small, and the lips as little fleshy as possible; such a head should be nicely set on a neck *slightly* arched, and not too long; the throat should be light and clean; the shoulders should be very oblique in a young horse (say four or five); I would not have them narrow at the

top; the points should be light, and not too far apart, so as to do away with the possibility of the animal having too much bosom; the fore-legs should be placed as nearly as possible in a perpendicular line with the tip of the shoulder points; the arms should be long and muscular; knees not too big; legs clean, flat, and short from the knee to the fetlock; the fetlocks should be strong and elastic; the feet not too large. In that part behind the shoulders, where the saddle is placed, the animal should be *deep*, and not wide between the legs of the rider. The back *shortish*, and nicely arched over the loins and the tops of the ribs.

"I would not have a loose unconnected horse, neither would I have him what is termed 'closely ribbed up,' for if he should be so, much of the *flippancy* of action, so necessary in such a horse, would be destroyed. The hips should be nicely rounded, the quarters long and straight from the hip to the top of the tail. The stifle joint low down, the thigh muscular. The hocks clean,

transparent, and not too far from the ground. The hind-legs, from the hocks downwards, so formed that the animal should stand with his feet *under*, not behind or away from him. The tail should be set well up on the quarters, and every hair of it straight, glossy, and as fine as silk; the main and foretop should also be long, and similar in texture to the tail. Such is the *form* I would choose.

"The colour I should prefer would be black, brown, a dark claret-coloured chestnut, or a bay with black legs. The action should be of an extraordinary brilliant character. The temper such as would admit of his standing over a cannon while firing, without so much as *winking* at the report. His nature so courageous and flexible, that he should bound at the first call of the rider, and yet yield to the most delicate touch of the hand, or pressure of the leg.

If I could borrow the genius of Mr. F. Grant, I would illustrate this article, and thereby better show the reader what I mean by pourtraying the noble Marquis of Anglesey, when riding his favou-

rite hack, "*Pearl*," a horse which Mr. Anderson, of Piccadilly, had the good fortune to find for his lordship. When that horse passes through the streets, the commonest observer will turn round to watch it out of sight, charmed by the magnificence of its movements.

The experienced eye will at once perceive that the animal is highly broken, and that that elegant movement is called into play by the exquisite and truly finished horsemanship of the noble marquis.

I chiefly mention thus much of his lordship and his horse, to show that, to arrive at perfection, not only must the animal be properly *constructed*—he must be properly *educated*, and then, *when exhibited, be as properly ridden.*

If a man happens to meet with a horse of the character he wants, which is thus highly broken, he is most fortunate. If he cannot succeed in doing this, he must find the animal, and have it broken: then comes the question—"Who can he get to do it?" The riding-master, whose assistance I should seek to obtain, would be he *who has* the

most patience and the *greatest fondness* for the animal—*horse*. From *such* a man a horse will *never suffer* violence; and here let me remark, that if traced to its proper source, it will be found that, in every hundred cases when horses shall have done *wrong*, ninety-nine shall have resulted from *extreme fear*, or resentment, upon the part of the animal, which shall have been produced by *violent ill usage*, or by accident, *rather* than from *vice*. Arrive at this fact—experience will prove it—and it tends to show how *necessary* it is *to keep* the poor animals *out* of the reach of *violent men*. Let a horse only feel *confidence* in his rider or attendant, he soon beomes a fond, willing slave. *Abuse him*, and the chances are *he will* repay you with interest.

STEEPLE-CHASES.

In order to convey to the reader my idea of perfection in a steeple-chase horse, I will endeavour to describe *two specimens*, which it has been my good fortune to see perform, each as nearly as

possible "perfection," although of opposite character and shape.

1st. Lottery, a light-fleshed wiry horse.

2nd. Discount, a horse of enormous power and weight in muscle.

LOTTERY

Without being a leggy, weak animal, partakes in some degree of the form of a greyhound; in height he is quite sixteen hands; is as nearly as possible thorough-bred; has a beautiful head; a light, strong neck; a clean, *very clean* throat; most magnificent shoulders; short forelegs; is immensely big in the girthing place; has not very deep back ribs; beautiful back, loins, hips, and hind-quarters; long, strong thighs; clean, finely-formed hocks and hind legs, with strong and very elastic pasterns. Besides the above form, this horse possesses, or did possess, when at the height of his career, all the requisites which lead to perfection in a steeple-chase horse. Fine temper; the courage of a lion; most extraordinary powers

of jumping; and had the gift of galloping on all sorts of ground, no matter whether it was as *hard* as a *rock, or soft enough to let in other horses up to their bellies;* added to which, he had constitutional goodness enough to bear the severest training.

DISCOUNT.

That manificent of "Sir Hercules" and Minikin is, as the pedigree denotes, thorough-bred, opposite in form to "Lottery," because of his being *so much more weighty in muscle,* LARGER *and more* IRON-FRAMED, *and more wedged together.* In height and length he is about the same proportions as "Lottery;" his head, neck, and throat are the very perfection of shape; his shoulders are what would be termed immensely strong, and not very oblique, still they are grown so far into the back, that the rider sits far enough behind them; is *immensely deep in his fore and* BACK *ribs,* with a back, loins, and all the hinder parts as beautifully symmetrical as they could by possibility be, coupled with *enormous* muscular power.

"*Discount's*" career as a steeple-chase horse was not a very lengthened one; but the ridiculous ease with which he won the grand national steeple-chase in 1844, also that at Worcester immediately after, stamped him at once as being an animal *many removes* above the common order, and therefore of the kind which every man who hopes to win should seek to obtain.

Let no man expect he can set out, and in any one day find such a horse as "Lottery" or "Discount" was, even though he may put a thousand pounds into his pocket to expend in the purchase. Let him only remember what these horses were, and endeavour to find an animal as nearly like them as possible in every respect; and, when he has succeeded, let him be careful in the selection of a trainer, and even more so in that of a jockey. One as good as "Archer," or "Tom Olliver" of the present day will be quite good enough.

As I have mentioned a jockey's name, I may as well add, that no man can prepare and bring a horse to the post in a more perfect state of con-

dition than Mr. George Dockray, of Epsom, who had the good fortune to train the before-mentioned "Lottery" and a host of winners besides. Perhaps, in justice to other public trainers, I ought to state that but few have hitherto given their attention to the training of steeple-chase horses.

HUNTERS.

In the hunter there are so many grades that I hardly know where to begin. If the purchaser happens to be of *immense* weight and a beginner, I should advise his making an endeavour TO SEE the horses which Colonel Wyndham, and that good sportsman Mr. Henley Greaves rides; for I believe it is scarcely possible for either gentleman to *ride* a less weight than *twenty stone.*

TO CARRY SIXTEEN STONE.

If wanted to carry sixteen stone, I should say, see those the property of the Noble Lord of Whittlebury, Lord Southampton, who, from the moment he hunted the Quorn country up to the pre-

sent hour, has been celebrated for having in his stud, for his own immediate riding, the very best specimen of horse calculated to carry sixteen stone to hounds in such a manner as a sportsman of the highest order and of such a weight requires to be carried.

TO CARRY FOURTEEN STONE.

I should advise his journeying into Leicestershire, in order to see the stud of Stirling Crawfurst, Esq., and those gentlemen of a similar weight who hunt in that country.

TO CARRY TWELVE STONE.

I would say take the noble Earl of Yarborough, or Sir Richard Sutton, for a guide. Purchase a hunter such as either would ride *twice*, and he may revel in the idea that he has found pretty nearly *perfection* in the shape of a light-weight hunter.

THE HARNESS HORSE

Should be of the same stamp as the full-sized hunter, with the same powers and endurance. In height from fifteen hands two inches to sixteen hands, having a deep body on short legs. Head clean and small; eyes prominent; nostrils wide; ears long and thin; neck of a moderate length, arched and muscular, but not too fleshy.

A clean throat, having the space between the branches of the lower jaw, called the channel, wide, that there may be plenty of room for the head of the wind-pipe; the wind-pipe large, and standing well out from the neck, that the air may have an easy passage to and from the lungs.

Shoulders not too heavy, and the top well grown into the back; muscular arms; clean and broad knee-joints; large flat fore legs, requiring both hands to span them; foot upright, with the frogs large and firm, and good open heels.

Chest deep and wide, so that there may be plenty of room for the action of those important

organs, the lungs; wide back; ribs long and well out; back not too long; tail straight out, and not too thick in the dock; thighs muscular down to the hocks; hocks clean and large; strong hind legs; pasterns short and elastic; temper gentle and docile, yet possessed of great courage.

REMARKS ON SADDLERY.

In my saunterings in London, I have been quite surprised to see at the different saddlers the paucity of really good saddles to the quantity of indifferent, I may really say very bad ones; saddles that would disfigure any horse they were put on, flaps of all shapes but the right, and such as no person could possibly ride on.

As to saying how a saddle should be made would be quite impossible, as that must depend on the horse and his rider; for instance, you cannot have a thin and sweepy saddle for a horse with round heavy shoulders and wide over his loins.

Many people have an idea that cut-back saddles are less liable to injure the rider than the ordinary ones, which is the most fallacious thing possible. The saddler must have the head (or what we call the pummel) of the saddle to begin upon, and the further that can be carried forward the better, and vice versâ. The nearer you get it under the seat the more likely it is seriously to injure the rider.

In SIDE SADDLES I have seen no end of variety, but my idea of what I consider a *first rate* side saddle is this—*length indispensable; leaping head;* NO OFF HEAD, but cut as nearly level as possible. *No person* can dispute my first remark, and *no one* who has ridden with *the leaping head will ever be without it.*

There are people who say *no* to the off head being cut off, as if in case a lady is nervous she cannot steady herself so well as when the head is left on. There I agree; but in reply say, she has *no business* to look *to that* for safety; her point d'appui *is* the leaping head, independently of which, when *holding* on by the head, she loses *the use* of

one hand, and her horse goes into the ditch, or any other place he may choose; secondly, she can *never* get her hands down to get a fair pull at the horse's mouth; thirdly, look at the fair rider's poor wrists, which in hunting are everlastingly being bruised by it (the head), to say nothing of the chance of breaking them.

BRIDLES.

The variety of bridles is truly astonishing, and about one-half had better never been invented, as any person will say who will take the trouble to observe. Generally speaking, the plainer the bridle the better, more especially for hunting and hacking; for the former let your bit be long in the check, i. e. in moderation, and your mouthpiece thick, having your bridoon the same, *the suaviter in modo* being much more agreeable than the *fortiter in re* to all animals. For your hack bridles you may put any fancy check you like, if your horse's head be sufficiently handsome; but let me warn my readers not to put

a handsome fancy bridle on a coarse-bred common horse; if he does, he will make a gross mistake indeed.

There is a very trifling circumstance I cannot help mentioning, and that is the *throat-lash*. Simple as it may appear, it spoils, generally speaking, the heads of all horses as it is made usually. The throat-lash should be long, i. e. sufficiently long to fall just below the cheek-bone, and not to lay on or over it, which makes the horse's head look short and thick.

I must not forget that grand desideratum the *nose-band; not* as they were used in days past, *attached* to the bridle—but *separate*. No one knows, who has not tried it, the efficacy of these nose-bands when placed low, but that must depend much on the size of the mouth.

Some people imagine that a *chin-strap* is *not* an indispensable thing to a bridle either in hunting, or hacking. I maintain it is, more especially in *Pelhams*. I have seen a horse at covert side tossing his head and throw the Pelham bit over

on to his face; in which case, if a chin-strap had been on the bridle, it could not possibly have happened. In hacking, also, how many horses do we see, when walking leisurely along, try to catch the bit in their mouth, and while doing that, cannot possibly see where they are going, cross their toes, and down come horse and rider, to the latter's great astonishment, who five minutes before fancied he had the cleverest hack in England.

Of all the bridles I have seen, I never beheld any look so well or so beautifully fitted as those of Mr. Anderson in Piccadilly, and which I found on inquiry were made by Mr. Hall, saddler, of Down Street, Piccadilly, who I can confidently recommend to either ladies or gentlemen equestrians who may require a first-rate and complete suit of horse furniture.

I have equal pleasure in naming Messrs. Wilkinson & Co., saddlers, Oxford Street; Whippy, North Audley Street; Peate, Piccadilly; Cockman, George Street, Portman Square; Gibson,

Leicester Square; Prosser, (late Inglis,) South Molton Street, &c. &c. &c. &c., by all of whom the same justice will be done.

Of Mr. Latchford, of St. Martin's Lane, the most fastidious person may suit his taste in bits, stirrups, spurs, &c. &c.

For me to undertake to enumerate the saddlers in town whom I could recommend, would be an endless task, and one of great difficulty, but from among them I have given the names of a few, and of whose scientific knowledge and honourable dealings many can testify.

From tradespeople in the neighbourhood intending purchasers may always satisfy themselves of any class of dealer of whom they may be about to become customers. Let them go to men who are of long standing, as they may then rest assured that they will be treated fairly. There are in all parts of London men, who, having a position in trade and character to maintain, will do justice to any one who may transact business with them, and will feel a pleasure in suiting the wishes of their customers.

Look suspiciously upon *very* "cheap bargains," *for genuine good articles fair prices must be paid* to properly remunerate *all* parties engaged in the manufacture. To *render* goods so cheap, the *poor artisan* is made to *suffer*, as also an inferior material is worked up; consequently, to secure well-seasoned and sound bargains, *a just price must be given.*

THE END.

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